

P. O. angl.

362^t
(14)

THE

ARTS AND MANUFACTURES



OF THE

MANUFACTURES

1/-

Shakespeare

. angl.

362^t

(14)

Nov



ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

1871.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

SHAKSPEARE'S TRAGEDY
OF
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA:

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE AND EXPLANATORY
NOTES, AND NUMEROUS EXTRACTS FROM THE HISTORY
ON WHICH THE PLAY IS FOUNDED.

Adapted for Schools and for Private Study.

BY THE REV. JOHN HUNTER, M.A.

Instructor of Candidates for the Civil Service and other Public Examinations, and
formerly Vice-Principal of the National Society's Training College, Battersea.

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1870.

SHAKSPEARE'S TRAGEDY

OF

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA:



WITH THE HISTORY
AND THE HISTORY
ON WHICH THE PLAY IS FOUND.

By THE REV. JOHN HUNTER, M.A.

Inspector of Candidates for the Civil Service and other Public Examinations and
formerly Vice-Principal of the National Society's Training College, Bournemouth.

LONDON:

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1870.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THIS TRAGEDY is not known to have appeared in print before its publication in the folio of 1623; but it had been entered at Stationers' Hall in 1608, and in that year Malone thinks it was probably composed.

The dramatist has derived nearly every incident in his *Antony and Cleopatra* from the life of *Antonius* in Sir Thomas North's Plutarch, and has followed very closely even the language of that writer. A careful perusal, therefore, of the Extracts from Plutarch, given in this edition, will be found very helpful to a right appreciation of the play.

For a brief historical comparison of Shakspeare's three Roman plays the student is referred to the Introductory Remarks in the editor's *Julius Cæsar*.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE

THIS TRAGEDY is not known to have appeared in print before its publication in the fall of 1623; but it had been entered at Stationers' Hall in 1608, and in that year Malone thinks it was probably composed.

The dramatist has been of nearly every incident in the history and character from the life of Hamlet in Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*, and has followed very closely even the language of that writer. A careful perusal of the *Tragedy* from *Plutarch*, given in this edition, will be found very helpful to a right appreciation of the play.

For a brief historical comparison of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* with the student is referred to the *Introductory Remarks* in the editor's *Amesbury*.

REMARKS OF VARIOUS AUTHORS

ON

SHAKSPEARE'S 'ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.'

'*Antony and Cleopatra* may, in some measure, be considered as a continuation of *Julius Cæsar*: the two principal characters of Antony and Augustus are equally sustained in both pieces. *Antony and Cleopatra* is a play of great extent; the progress is less simple than in *Julius Cæsar*. The fulness and variety of political and warlike events, to which the union of the three divisions of the Roman world under one master necessarily gave rise, were perhaps too great to admit of being clearly exhibited in one dramatic picture. In this consists the great difficulty of the historical drama:—it must be a crowded extract, and a living development of history;—the difficulty, however, has generally been successfully overcome by Shakspeare. But now many things, which are transacted in the background, are here merely alluded to, in a manner which supposes an intimate acquaintance with the history; but a work of art should contain within itself everything necessary for its being fully understood. Many persons of historical importance are merely introduced in passing; the preparatory and concurring circumstances are not sufficiently connected into masses to avoid distracting our attention. The principal personages, however, are most emphatically distinguished by lineament and colouring, and powerfully arrest the imagination. In Antony we observe a mixture of great qualities, weaknesses, and vices; violent ambition and

ebullitions of magnanimity; we see him now sinking into luxurious enjoyment, and then nobly ashamed of his own aberrations,—manning himself to resolutions not unworthy of himself, which are always shipwrecked against the seductions of an artful woman. It is Hercules in the chains of Omphale, drawn from the fabulous heroic ages into history, and invested with the Roman costume. The seductive arts of Cleopatra are in no respect veiled over; she is an ambiguous being made up of royal pride, female vanity, luxury, inconstancy, and true attachment. Although the mutual passion of herself and Antony is without moral dignity, it still excites our sympathy as an insurmountable fascination:—they seem formed for each other, and Cleopatra is as remarkable for her seductive charms, as Antony for the splendour of his deeds. As they die for each other, we forgive them for having lived for each other. The open and lavish character of Antony is admirably contrasted with the heartless littleness of Octavius, whom Shakspeare seems to have completely seen through, without allowing himself to be led astray by the fortune and the fame of Augustus.’
—SCHLEGEL.

‘This play should be perused in mental contrast with *Romeo and Juliet*,—as the love of passion and appetite opposed to the love of affection and instinct. But the art displayed in the character of Cleopatra is profound; in this, especially,—that the sense of criminality in her passion is lessened by our insight into its depth and energy, at the very moment that we cannot but perceive that the passion itself springs out of the habitual craving of a licentious nature, and that it is supported and reinforced by voluntary stimulus and sought-for associations instead of blossoming out of spontaneous emotion.

‘Of all Shakspeare’s historical plays, *Antony and Cleopatra* is by far the most wonderful. There is not one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of angelic strength so much,—perhaps none in which he impresses it more strongly. This is greatly owing to the manner in which the fiery force is sustained throughout, and to the numerous momentary flashes of nature counteracting the historic abstraction.’—COLERIDGE.

PASSAGES

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

SHAKSPEARE'S 'ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.'

SELECTED FROM SIR THOMAS NORTH'S TRANSLATION
OF PLUTARCH.

1
'He [Antony] had a noble presence, and showed a countenance of one of a noble house; he had a goodly thick beard, a broad forehead; crooked nosed; and there appeared such a manly look in his countenance as is commonly seen in Hercules' pictures, stamped or graved in metal. Now it had been a speech of old time, that the family of the Antonii were descended from one Anton, the son of Hercules, whereof the family took name. This opinion did Antonius seek to confirm in all his doings.'

2
'Things that seem intolerable in other men, as to boast commonly, to jest with one or other, to drink like a good fellow with everybody, to sit with the soldiers when they dine, and to eat and drink with them soldierlike, it is incredible what wonderful love it won him amongst them.'

3
'The noblemen did not only mislike him [Antony], but also hate him for his naughty life: for they did abhor his banquets and drunken feasts he made at unseasonable times, and his extreme wasteful expenses upon vain light huswives.'

- 4 'When Pompey's house was put to open sale, Antonius bought it; but when they asked him money for it, he made it very strange, and was offended with them; and writeth himself that he would not go with Cæsar into the wars of Africk, because he was not well recompensed for the service he had done him before.'
- 5 'Yet Cæsar did somewhat bridle his madness and insolency, not suffering him to pass his faults so lightly away. And therefore he left his dissolute manner of life, and married Fulvia, that was Clodius' widow, a woman not so basely minded to spend her time in spinning and huswifery; and was not contented to master her husband at home, but would also rule him in his office abroad, and commanded him that commanded legions and great armies.'
- 6 'Antonius ruled absolutely also in all other matters, because ne was consul, and Caius, one of his brethren, prætor, and Lucius, the other, tribune. Now things remaining in this state at Rome, Octavius Cæsar, the younger, came to Rome, who was the son of Julius Cæsar's niece, and was left his lawful heir by will. This young Cæsar seeing his doings, went unto Cicero and others, which were Antonius' enemies, and by them crept into favour with the senate.'
- 7 'Cicero being at that time the chiefest man of authority and estimation in the city, he stirred up all men against Antonius; so that in the end he made the Senate pronounce him an enemy to his country, and appointed young Cæsar serjeants to carry axes before him, and such other signs as were incident to the dignity of a consul or prætor; and, moreover, sent Hirtius and Pansa, then consuls, to drive Antonius out of Italy. These two consuls, together with Cæsar, who also had an army, went against Antonius, that besieged the city of Modena, and there overthrew him in battle; but both
- 8 the consuls were slain there. Antonius, flying upon this overthrow, fell into great misery all at once: but the chiefest want of all other, and that pinched him most, was famine. Howbeit he was of such a strong nature, that by patience he would overcome any adversity; and the heavier fortune lay upon him, the more constant showed he himself. Every man that feeleth

want or adversity, knoweth by virtue and discretion what he should do ; when indeed they are overlaid with extremity, and be sore oppressed, few have the hearts to follow that which they praise and commend, and much less to avoid that they reprove and mislike : but rather to the contrary, they yield to their accustomed easy life, and through faint heart and lack of courage, do change their first mind and purpose. And therefore it was a wonderful example to the soldiers to see Antonius that was brought up in all fineness and superfluity, so easily to drink puddle-water, and to eat wild fruits and roots : and, moreover, it is reported, that even as they passed the Alps they did eat the barks of trees, and such beasts as never man tasted of their flesh before.'

'The last and extremest mischief of all other, to wit, the love 9 of Cleopatra, lighted on him, who did waken and stir up many vices yet hidden in him ; and if any spark of goodness or hope of rising were left him, Cleopatra quenched it straight.'

'The manner how he fell in love with her was this :— 10 Antonius, going to make war with the Parthians, sent to command Cleopatra to appear personally before him when he came into Cilicia, to answer unto such accusations as were laid against her. So she furnished herself with a world of gifts, store of gold and silver, and of riches and other sumptuous ornaments, as is credible enough she might bring from so great a house, and from so wealthy and rich a realm as Egypt was. But yet she carried nothing with her wherein she trusted more than in herself, and in the charms and enchantment of her passing beauty and grace. Therefore, when she was sent unto by divers letters, both from Antonius himself and also from his friends, she made so light of it, and mocked Antonius so much, that she disdained to set forward otherwise but to take her barge in the river of Cydnus ; the poop whereof was of gold, the sails of purple, and the oars of silver, which kept stroke in rowing, after the sound of the music of flutes, hautboys, citterns, viols, and such other instruments as they played upon in the barge. And now for the person of herself : she was laid under a pavilion of cloth of gold of tissue, apparelled and attired like the goddess Venus, commonly drawn in picture ; and hard by

her, on either hand of her, pretty fair boys apparelled as painters do set forth god Cupid, with little fans in their hands, with which they fanned wind upon her. Her ladies and gentlewomen also, the fairest of them were apparelled like the Nymphs Nereides (which are the mermaids of the waters) and like the Graces; some steering the helm, others tending the tackle and ropes of the barge, out of which there came a wonderful passing sweet savour of perfumes, that perfumed the wharf's side, pestered with innumerable multitudes of people. Some of them followed the barge all along the river-side; others also ran out of the city to see her coming in: so that in the end there ran such multitudes of people one after another to see her, that Antonius was left post alone in the market-place, in his imperial seat, to give audience; and there went a rumour in the people's mouths that the goddess Venus was come to play with the god Bacchus for the general good of all Asia. When Cleopatra landed, Antonius sent to invite her to supper to him. But she sent him word again he should do better rather to come and sup with her. Antonius therefore, to show himself courteous unto her at her arrival, was content to obey her, and went to supper to her, where he found such passing sumptuous fare that no tongue can express it.'

- 11 'Now Antonius was so ravished with the love of Cleopatra, that though his wife Fulvia had great wars, and much ado with Cæsar for his affairs, and that the army of the Parthians (the which the king's lieutenants had given to the only leading of Labienus) was now assembled in Mesopotamia, ready to invade Syria; yet, as though all this had nothing touched him, he yielded himself to go with Cleopatra unto Alexandria, where he spent and lost in childish sports and idle pastimes the most precious thing a man can spend, and that is time. For they made an order between them, one feasting each other by turns,
- 12 and in cost exceeding all measure and reason. And for proof hereof I have heard my grandfather Lampryas report that one Philotas, a physician, born in the city of Amphissa, told him that he was at that present time in Alexandria, and studied physic; and that, having acquaintance with one of Antonius' cooks, he took him with him to Antonius' house (being a

young man desirous to see things) to show him the wonderful sumptuous charge and preparation of one only supper. When he was in the kitchen, and saw a world of diversities of meats, and, amongst others, eight wild boars roasted whole, he began to wonder at it, and said, Sure, you have a great number of guests to supper. The cook fell a-laughing, and answered him, No (quoth he), not many guests, not above twelve in all; but yet all that is boiled or roasted must be served in whole or else it would be marred straight: for Antonius, peradventure, will sup presently, or it may be a pretty while hence, or likely enough he will defer it longer, for that he hath drunk well to-day, or else hath had some other great matters in hand; and therefore we do not dress one supper only, but many suppers, because we are uncertain of the hour he will sup in.'

'But now again to Cleopatra. Plato writeth that there are 13 four kinds of flattery, but Cleopatra divided it into many kinds. For she (were it in sport, or in matters of earnest) still devised sundry new delights to have Antonius at commandment, never leaving him night nor day, nor once letting him go out of her sight. For she would play at dice with him, drink with him, and hunt commonly with him, and also be with him when he went to any exercise or activity of body. And sometime 14 also, when he would go up and down the city disguised like a slave in the night, and would peer into poor men's windows and their shops, and scold and brawl within the house, Cleopatra would be also in a chambermaid's array, and amble up and down the streets with him, so that oftentimes Antonius bare away both mocks and blows. Now, though most men misliked this manner, yet the Alexandrians were commonly glad of this jollity, and liked it well, saying, very gallantly and wisely, that Antonius showed them a comical face, to wit, a merry countenance; and the Romans a tragical face, that is to say, a grim look.'

'On a time he went to angle for fish, and when he could take 15 none, he was angry as could be, because Cleopatra stood by. Wherefore she secretly commanded the fishermen that when he cast in his line they should straight dive under the water and

put a fish on his hook which they had taken before; and so snatched up his angling-rod, and brought up a fish twice or thrice. Cleopatra found it straight, yet she seemed not to see it, but wondered at his excellent fishing; but when she was alone by herself among her own people, she told them how it was, and bade them the next morning to be on the water to see the fishing. A number of people came to the haven, and got into the fisher-boats to see this fishing. Antonius then threw in his line, and Cleopatra straight commanded one of her men to dive under water before Antonius' men, and to put some old salt fish upon his bait, like unto those that are brought out of the country of Pont. When he had hung the fish on his hook, Antonius, thinking he had taken a fish indeed, snatched up his line presently. Then they all fell a-laughing.'

- 16 'Now, Antonius delighting in these fond and childish pastimes, very ill news were brought him from two places. The first from Rome, that his brother Lucius and Fulvia his wife fell out first between themselves, and afterwards fell to open war with Cæsar, and had brought all to nought, that they were both driven to fly out of Italy. The second news was as bad as the first: that Labienus conquered all Asia with the army of the Parthians, from the river of Euphrates, and from Syria, unto the country of Lydia and Ionia. Then began Antonius, with much ado, a little to rouse himself, as if he had been wakened out of a deep sleep, and, as a man may say, coming out of a great drunkenness. So, first of all, he bent himself against the Parthians, and went as far as the country of Phœnicia; but there he received lamentable letters from his
- 17 wife Fulvia. Whereupon he straight returned towards Italy, with two hundred sail, and as he went took up his friends by the way that fled out of Italy to come to him. By them he was informed that his wife Fulvia was the only cause of this war; who, being of a peevish, crooked, and troublesome nature, had purposely raised this uproar in Italy, in hope thereby to draw him from Cleopatra. But by good fortune his wife Fulvia, going to meet with Antonius, sickened by the way, and died in the city of Sicion: and therefore Octavius Cæsar and
- 18 he were the easier made friends again. For when Antonius

landed in Italy, and that men saw Cæsar asked nothing of him, and that Antonius on the other side laid all the fault and burden on his wife Fulvia, the friends of both parties would not suffer them to unrip any old matters, and to prove or defend who had the wrong or right, and who was the first procurer of this war, fearing to make matters worse between them: but they made them friends together, and divided the empire of Rome between them, making the sea Ionium the bounds of their division. For they gave all the provinces eastward unto Antonius, and the countries westward unto Cæsar, and left Afric unto Lepidus: and made a law that they three, one after another, should make their friends consuls, when they would not be themselves. This seemed to be a sound counsel; but 19 yet it was to be confirmed with a straiter bond, which fortune offered thus. There was Octavia, the eldest sister of Cæsar, not by one mother, for she came of Ancharia, and Cæsar himself afterwards of Accia. It is reported that he dearly loved his sister Octavia, for indeed she was a noble lady, and left the widow of her first husband, Caius Marcellus, who died not long before: and it seemed also that Antonius had been widower ever since the death of his wife Fulvia. Thereupon every man did set forward this marriage, hoping thereby that this lady Octavia, having an excellent grace, wisdom and honesty, joined unto so rare a beauty, when she were with Antonius (he loving her as so worthy a lady deserved) she should be a good mean to keep good love and amity betwixt her brother and him.'

'Sextus Pompeius at that time kept in Sicilia, and so made 20 many an inroad into Italy with a great number of pinnaces and other pirate ships, of the which were captains two notable pirates, Menas and Menecrates, who so scoured all the sea thereabouts that none durst peep out with a sail. Furthermore, Sextus Pompeius had dealt very friendly with Antonius, for he had courteously received his mother when she fled out of Italy with Fulvia; and therefore they thought good to make peace with him. So they met all three together by the Mount of Misena, upon a hill that runneth far into the sea; Pompey having his ships riding hard by at anchor, and

Antoni^{us} and Cæsar their armies upon the shore side, directly
21 over against him. Now, after they had agreed that Sextus
Pompeius should have Sicily and Sardinia, with this condition,
that he should rid the sea of all thieves and pirates, and make
it safe for passengers, and withal that he should send a certain
quantity of wheat to Rome, one of them did feast another, and
drew cuts who should begin. It was Pompeius' chance to invite
them first. Whereupon Antonius asked him, And where shall we
sup? There, said Pompey: and showed him his admiral galley,
which had six banks of oars: That (said he) is my father's house
they have left me. He spake it to taunt Antonius, because he
had his father's house, that was Pompey the Great. So he cast
anchors enow into the sea to make his galley fast, and then built
a bridge of wood to convey them to his galley, from the head
of Mount Misena: and there he welcomed them, and made
22 them great cheer. Now, in the midst of the feast, when they
fell to be merry with Antonius' love to Cleopatra, Menas the
pirate came to Pompey, and, whispering in his ear, said unto him,
Shall I cut the cables of the anchors, and make thee lord, not
only of Sicily and Sardinia, but of the whole empire of Rome
besides? Pompey, having paused awhile upon it, at length
answered him, Thou shouldst have done it and never have told
it me; but now we must content us with that we have: as for
myself, I was never taught to break my faith, nor to be counted
a traitor. The other two also did likewise feast him in their
camp, and then he returned into Sicily.'

23 'With Antonius there was a soothsayer or astronomer of
Egypt, that could cast a figure, and judge of men's nativities,
to tell them what should happen to them. He, either to
please Cleopatra, or else for that he found it so by his art,
told Antonius plainly that his fortune (which of itself was
excellent good and very great) was altogether blemished and
obscured by Cæsar's fortune: and therefore he counselled him
utterly to leave his company, and to get him as far from him
as he could. For thy demon, said he (that is to say, the good
angel and spirit that keepeth thee), is afraid of his: and, being
courageous and high when he is alone, becometh fearful and
timorous when he cometh near unto the other. Howsoever it

was, the events ensuing proved the Egyptian's words true: for it is said that, as often as they two drew cuts for pastime who should have anything, or whether they played at dice, Antonius always lost. Oftentimes when they were disposed to see cock-fight, or quails that were taught to fight one with another, Cæsar's cocks or quails did ever overcome.'

'In the meantime, Ventidius again overcame Pacorus (Orodes' 24 son, king of Parthia), he being come again with a great army to invade Syria: at which battle was slain a great number of the Parthians, and among them Pacorus, the king's own son. This noble exploit was a full revenge to the Romans of the shame and loss they had received before by the death of Marcus Crassus; and he made the Parthians fly, and glad to keep themselves within the confines and territories of Mesopotamia and Media. Howbeit, Ventidius durst not undertake to follow them any farther, fearing lest he should have gotten Antonius' displeasure by it. After Antony had set order for the state of affairs of Syria, he returned again to Athens: and, having given Ventidius such honours as he deserved, he sent him to Rome to triumph for the Parthians. To say truly, Venti- 26 dius did so well quit himself in all his enterprises, that he confirmed that which was spoken of Antonius and Cæsar, to wit, that they were alway more fortunate when they made war by their lieutenants than by themselves. For Sossius, one of Antonius' lieutenants in Syria, did notable good service; and Canidius, whom he had also left his lieutenant in the borders of Armenia, did conquer it all.'

'Antonius grew to be marvellously offended with Cæsar, 26 upon certain reports that had been brought unto him: and so took sea to go towards Italy with three hundred sail. And because those of Brundusium would not receive his army into their haven, he went farther unto Tarentum. There his wife Octavia, that came out of Greece with him, besought him to send her unto her brother, the which he did. Octavia at that time was great with child, and moreover had a second daughter by him, and yet she put herself in journey, and met with her brother Octavius Cæsar by the way, who brought his two chief friends, Mæcenas and Agrippa, with him. She took them

aside, and with all the instance she could possible, entreated them they would not suffer her, that was the happiest woman in the world, to become now the most wretched and unfortunate creature of all other. For now, said she, every man's eyes do gaze on me, that am the sister of one of the emperors, and wife of the other; and if the worst counsel take place (which the gods forbid), and that they grow to wars, for yourselves, it is uncertain to which of them two the gods have assigned the victory or overthrow; but for me, on which side soever the victory fall, my state can be but most miserable still.'

- 27 'Octavia kept still in Antonius' house as if he had been there, and very honestly and honourably kept his children. Howbeit, her honest love and regard to her husband made every man hate him, when they saw he did so unkindly use so noble a
28 lady. But the greatest cause of their malice unto him was for the division of lands he made among his children in the city of Alexandria.

And to confess a troth, it was too arrogant and insolent a part, and done (as a man would say) in derision and contempt of the Romans: for he assembled all the people in the show-place, where young men do exercise themselves, and there upon a high tribunal silvered he set two chairs of gold, the one for himself and the other for Cleopatra, and lower chairs for his children; then he openly published before the assembly that first of all he did establish Cleopatra queen of Egypt, of Cyprus, of Lydia, and of the Lower Syria; and at that time also, Cæsarion king of the same realms. This Cæsarion was supposed to be the son of Julius Cæsar. Secondly, he called the sons he had by her the kings of kings, and gave Alexander, for his portion, Armenia, Media, and Parthia, when he had conquered the country; and unto Ptolemy, for his portion, Phœnicia, Syria, and Cilicia. And therewithal he brought out Alexander in a long gown, after the fashion of the Medes, with a high cop-tanke hat on his head, narrow in the top, as the kings of the Medes and Armenians do use to wear them; and Ptolemy apparelled in a cloak after the Macedonian manner, with slippers on his feet, and a broad hat, with a royal band of diadem. Such was the apparel and old attire of the ancient

kings and successors of Alexander the Great. So, after his sons had done their humble duties, and kissed their father and mother, presently a company of Armenian soldiers, set there of purpose, compassed the one about, and a like company of Macedonians the other. Now for Cleopatra, she did not only wear at that time, but at all other times else when she came abroad, the apparel of the goddess Isis, and so gave audience unto all her subjects as a new Isis. Octavius Cæsar reporting 29 all these things unto the Senate, and oftentimes accusing him to the whole people and assembly in Rome, he thereby stirred up all the Romans against him. Antonius, on the other side, sent to Rome likewise to accuse him, and the chiefest points of his accusations he charged him with were these:—First, that, having spoiled Sextus Pompeius in Sicily, he did not give him his part of the isle; secondly, that he did detain in his hand the ships he lent him to make that war; thirdly, that having put Lepidus their companion and triumvirate out of his part of the empire, and having deprived him of all honours, he retained for himself the lands and revenues thereof which had been assigned unto him for his part; and, last of all, that he had in manner divided all Italy amongst his own soldiers, and had left no part of it for his soldiers. Octavius Cæsar answered him again,—That for Lepidus, he had indeed despoiled him, and taken his part of the empire from him, because he did over-cruelly use his authority; and, secondly, for the conquests he had made by force of arms, he was contented Antonius should have his part of them, so that he would likewise let him have his part of Armenia; and, thirdly, that for his soldiers, they should seek for nothing in Italy, because they possessed Media and Parthia, the which provinces they had added to the empire of Rome, valiantly fighting with their emperor and captain.'

'Now after that Cæsar had made sufficient preparation, he 30 proclaimed open war against Cleopatra, and made the people to abolish the power and empire of Antonius, because he had before given it up unto a woman. And Cæsar said furthermore, that Antonius was not master of himself, but that Cleopatra had brought him beside himself by her charms and amorous poisons; and that they that should make war with them should

be Mardian the eunuch, Photinus, and Iras (a woman of Cleopatra's bedchamber, that frizzled her hair and dressed her head), and Charmian, the which were those that ruled all the affairs of Antonius' empire.'

31 'Now, when all things were ready, and that they drew near to fight, it was found that Antonius had no less than five hundred good ships of war, an hundred thousand footmen, and twelve thousand horsemen; and had with him, to aid him, these kings and subjects following: Bocchus, king of Libya; Tarcondemus, king of High Cilicia; Archelaus, king of Cappadocia; Philadelphus, king of Paphlagonia; Mithridates, king of Comagena; and Adallas, king of Thracia. All which were there, every man in person. The residue, that were absent, sent their armies: as Polemon, king of Pont; Manchus, king of Arabia; Herodes, king of Jewry; and furthermore, Amyntas, king of Lycaonia and of the Galatians: and besides all these, he had all the aid the king of Mede sent unto him.'

32 'Now Antonius was made so subject to a woman's will, that though he was a great deal the stronger by land, yet for Cleopatra's sake he would needs have this battle tried by sea, though he saw before his eyes that for lack of water-men his captains did prest by force all sorts of men out of Greece that they could take up in the field, as travellers, muleters, reapers, harvest-men, and young boys; and yet could they not sufficiently furnish his galleys, so that the most part of them were empty, and could scant row, because they lacked water-men enough; but, on the contrary side, Cæsar's ships were not built for pomp, high and great, only for a sight and bravery, but they were light of yarage, armed and furnished with water-men as many as they needed, and had them all in readiness in the havens of Tarentum and Brundusium. So Octavius Cæsar sent unto Antonius to will him to delay no more time, but to come on with his army into Italy, and that for his own part he would give him safe harbour to land without any trouble, and that he would withdraw his army from the sea, as far as one horse could run, until he had put his army ashore, and had lodged his men. Antonius, on the other side, bravely sent him word again, and challenged the combat of him, man for man,

though he were the elder; and that, if he refused him so, he would then fight a battle with him in the fields of Pharsalia, as Julius Cæsar and Pompey had done before.'

'Now whilst Antonius rode at anchor, lying idly in harbour in the head of Actium, Cæsar had quickly passed the sea Ionium, and had taken a place called Toryne, before Antonius understood that he had taken ship. Then began his men to be afraid, because his army by land was left behind. But, Cleopatra making light of it: 'And what danger, I pray you,' said she, 'if Cæsar keep at Toryne?'

'Furthermore, he dealt very friendly and courteously with 33 Domitius, and against Cleopatra's mind. For he, being sick of an ague, when he went and took a little boat to go unto Cæsar's camp, Antonius was very sorry for it; but yet he sent after him all his carriage, train, and men; and the same Domitius, as though he gave him to understand that he repented his open treason, died immediately after. There were certain kings also that forsook him, and turned on Cæsar's side, as Amyntas and Deiotarus.'

'Canidius, who had charge of his army by land, told him that 34 it should be no dishonour to him to let Cæsar have the sea, because himself and his men both had been well practised and exercised in battles by sea, in the war of Sicilia against Sextus Pompeius; but rather that he should go against all reason (he having so great skill and experience of battles by land), if he should not employ the force and valiantness of so many lusty armed footmen as he had ready, but would weaken his army by dividing them into ships. But now, notwithstanding all these good persuasions, Cleopatra forced him to put all to the hazard of battle by sea.'

'So when Antonius had determined to fight by sea, he set all the other ships on fire but threescore ships of Egypt, and reserved only the best and greatest galleys, from three banks unto ten banks of oars. Into them he put two-and-twenty thousand fighting men, with two thousand darters and slingers. Now, as he was setting his men in order of battle, there was a 35 captain, a valiant man, that had served Antonius in many battles and conflicts, and had all his body hacked and cut, who,

as Antonius passed by him, cried out unto him, and said, O noble emperor, how cometh it to pass that you trust to these vile brittle ships? What, do you mistrust these wounds of mine, and this sword? Let the Egyptians and Phœnicians fight by sea, and set us on the main land, where we use to conquer, or to be slain on our feet. Antonius passed by him and said never a word, but only beckoned to him with his hand and head, as though he willed him to be of good courage, although, indeed, he had no great courage himself.'

36 'They rowed with force of oars in battle one against the other, Antonius leading the right wing with Publicola, and Coelius the left; and Marcus Octavius and Marcus Justeius the midst. Octavius, on the other side, had placed Agrippa in the left wing of his army, and had kept the right wing for himself. For the armies by land, Canidius was general of Antonius' side, and Taurus of Cæsar's side.'

37 'Howbeit the battle was yet of even hand, and the victory doubtful, being indifferent to both, when suddenly they saw the threescore ships of Cleopatra busily about their yard-masts, and hoisting sail to fly. So they fled through the midst of them that were in fight, for they had been placed behind the great ships, and did marvellously disorder the other ships; for the enemies themselves wondered much to see them sail in that sort, with full sail towards Peloponnesus. There Antonius showed plainly that he not only lost the courage and heart of an emperor, but also of a valiant man; and that he was not his own man (proving that true which an old man spake in mirth, That the soul of a lover lived in another body, and not his own); he was so carried away with the vain love of this woman as if he had been glued unto her, and that she could not have removed without moving of him also: for when he saw Cleopatra's ship under sail, he forgot, forsook, and betrayed them that fought for him, and embarked upon a galley with five banks of oars to follow her that had already begun to overthrow him, and would in the end be his utter destruction.'

38 'Now for himself he determined to cross over into Afric, and took one of his carects, or hulks, laden with gold and silver, and other rich carriage, and gave it unto his friends, command-

ing them to depart, and seek to save themselves. They answered him weeping, that they would neither do it, nor yet forsake him. Then Antonius very courteously and lovingly did comfort them, and prayed them to depart, and wrote unto Theophilus, governor of Corinth, that he would see them safe, and help to hide them in some secret place until they had made their peace with Cæsar.'

'Many plainly saw Antonius fly, and yet could very hardly 39 believe it: that he that had nineteen legions whole by land, and twelve thousand horsemen upon the sea-side, would so have forsaken them, and have fled so cowardly. And yet his soldiers still wished for him, and ever hoped that he would come by some means or other unto them. They kept themselves whole together seven days. In the end, Canidius, Antonius' lieutenant, flying by night, and forsaking his camp, when they saw themselves thus destitute of their heads and leaders, they yielded themselves unto the stronger.'

'Cleopatra in the meantime was very careful in gathering all 40 sorts of poisons together, to destroy men. Now, to make proof of these poisons, which made men die with least pain, she tried it upon condemned men in prison. So when she had daily made sundry proofs, she found none of them all so fit as the biting of an aspic: the which causeth only a heaviness of the head, without swooning or complaining, and bringeth a great desire also to sleep, with a little sweat in the face; and so by little and little taketh away the senses and vital powers.'

'This notwithstanding, they sent ambassadors unto Octavius 41 Cæsar in Asia, Cleopatra requesting the realm of Egypt for their children, and Antonius praying that he might be suffered to live at Athens like a private man, if Cæsar would not let him remain in Egypt. And because they had no other men of estimation about them, for that some were fled, and those that remained they did not greatly trust, they were enforced to send Euphronius, the schoolmaster of their children. Futhermore, Cæsar would not grant unto Antonius' requests; but for Cleopatra, he made her answer, that he would deny her nothing reasonable, so that she would either put Antonius to death, or drive him out of her country.'

42 'Therewithal he sent Thyreus, one of his men, unto her, a very wise and discreet man, who, bringing letters of credit from a young lord unto a noble lady, and that, besides, greatly liked her beauty, might easily by his eloquence have persuaded her. He was longer in talk with her than any man else was, and the queen herself also did him great honour, inasmuch as he made Antonius jealous of him. Whereupon Antonius caused him to be taken and well favouredly whipped, and so sent him unto Cæsar, and bade him tell him that he made him angry with him, because he showed himself proud and disdainful towards him; and now, specially, when he was easy to be angered by reason of his present misery. To be short, if this mislike thee (said he), thou hast Hipparchus, one of my enfranchised bondmen, with thee; hang him if thou wilt, or whip him at thy pleasure, that we may cry quittance. From henceforth, Cleopatra, to clear herself of the suspicion he had of her, made more of him than ever she did. For, first of all, where she did solemnise the day of her birth very meanly and sparingly, fit for her present misfortune, she now in contrary manner did keep it with such solemnity, that she exceeded all measure of sumptuousness and magnificence, so that the guests that were bidden to the feasts, and came poor, went away rich.'

43 'So Cæsar came and pitched his camp hard by the city (Alexandria), in the place where they run and manage their horses. Antonius made a sally upon him, and fought very valiantly, so that he drave Cæsar's horsemen back, fighting with his men even into their camp. Then he came again to the palace, greatly boasting of this victory, and sweetly kissed Cleopatra, armed as he was when he came from the fight, recommending one of his men-at-arms unto her that had valiantly fought in this skirmish. Cleopatra, to reward his manliness, gave him an armour and head-piece of clean gold; howbeit, the man-at-arms, when he received this rich gift, stole away by night, and went to

44 Cæsar. Antonius sent again to challenge Cæsar to fight with him hand to hand. Cæsar answered him that he had many other ways to die than so.'

'Then Antonius, seeing there was no way more honour-

able for him to die than fighting valiantly, he determined to set up his rest both by sea and land. So, being at supper (as it is reported), he commanded his officers and household servants that waited on him at his board that they should fill his cups full, and make as much of him as they could, for, said he, you know not whether you shall do so much for me to-morrow or not, or whether you shall serve another master; it may be you shall see me no more, but a dead body. This notwithstanding, perceiving that his friends and men fell a-weeping to hear him say so, to salve that he had spoken, he added this more unto it, that he would not lead them to battle where he thought not rather safely to return with victory than valiantly to die with honour.'

'Furthermore, the self-same night, within a little of mid- 45
night, when all the city was quiet, full of fear and sorrow, thinking what would be the issue and end of this war, it is said that suddenly they heard a marvellous sweet harmony of sundry sorts of instruments of music, with the cry of a multitude of people, as they had been dancing, and had sung as they used in Bacchus' feasts, with movings and turnings after the manner of the Satyrs: and it seemed that this dance went through the city unto the gate that opened to the enemies, and that all the troop that made this noise they heard went out of the city at that gate. Now, such as in reason sought the depth of the interpretation of this wonder, thought it was the God, unto whom Antonius bare singular devotion to counterfeit and resemble him, that did forsake them.'

'The next morning by break of day he went to set those few 46
footmen he had in order upon the hills adjoining unto the city, and there he stood to behold his galleys which departed from the haven, and rowed against the galleys of his enemies, and so stood still, looking what exploit his soldiers in them would do. But when by force of rowing they were come near unto them, they first saluted Cæsar's men, and then Cæsar's men resaluted them also, and of two armies made but one, and then did altogether row toward the city. When Antonius saw that his men did forsake him, and yielded unto Cæsar, and that his footmen were broken and overthrown, he then fled into the city, crying

out that Cleopatra had betrayed him unto them, with whom he had made war for her sake.'

- 47 'Then she, being afraid of his fury, fled into the tomb which she had caused to be made, and there locked the doors unto her, and shut all the springs of the locks with great bolts, and in the mean time sent unto Antonius to tell him that she was dead. Antonius, believing it, said unto himself, What dost thou look for further, Antonius, sith spiteful fortune hath taken from thee the only joy thou haddest, for whom thou yet reservedst thy life? When he had said these words, he went into a chamber and unarmed himself, and, being naked, said thus:—O Cleopatra, it grieveth me not that I have lost thy company, for I will not be long from thee: but I am sorry that, having been so great a captain and emperor, I am indeed condemned to
- 48 be judged of less courage and noble mind than a woman. Now he had a man of his, called Eros, whom he loved and trusted much, and whom he had long before caused to swear unto him that he should kill him when he did command him, and then he willed him to keep his promise. This man, drawing his sword, lift it up as though he had meant to have stricken his master; but, turning his head at one side, he thrust his sword into himself, and fell down dead at his master's foot. Then said Antonius, O noble Eros, I thank thee for this, and it is valiantly done of thee, to show me what I should do to myself, which thou couldst not do for me. Therewithal he took his sword, and thrust it into his belly, and so fell down upon a little bed. The wound he had killed him not presently, for the blood stinted a little when he was laid; and when he came somewhat to himself again, he prayed them that were about him to despatch him; but they all fled out of the chamber, and left him crying and tormenting himself, until at last there came a secretary unto him called Diomedes, who was commanded to bring him into the tomb or monument where Cleopatra was. When he heard that she was alive, he very earnestly prayed his men to carry his body thither, and so he was carried in his men's arms into the entry of the monument.'
- 49 'Notwithstanding, Cleopatra would not open the gates, but came to the high windows, and cast out certain chains and ropes,

in the which Antonius was trussed; and Cleopatra her ownself, with two women only which she had suffered to come with her into these monuments, trised Antonius up. They that were present to behold it said they never saw so pitiful a sight: for they plucked up poor Antonius, all bloody as he was, and drawing on with pangs of death, who, holding up his hands to Cleopatra, raised up himself as well as he could. It was a hard thing for these women to do, to lift him up; but Cleopatra stooping down with her head, putting to all her strength to her uttermost power, did lift him up with much ado, and never let go her hold, with the help of the women beneath that bade her be of good courage, and were as sorry to see her labour so as she herself. So when she had gotten him in 50 after that sort, and laid him on a bed, she rent her garments upon him, clapping her breast, and scratching her face and stomach. Then she dried up his blood that had bewrayed his face, and called him her lord, her husband, and emperor, forgetting her own misery and calamity for the pity and compassion she took of him. Antonius made her cease her lamenting, and called for wine, either because he was athirst, or else for that he thought thereby to hasten his death. When he had drunk, he earnestly prayed her and persuaded her that she would seek to save her life, if she could possible, without reproach and dishonour, and that chiefly she should trust Proculeius above any man else about Cæsar; and as for himself, that she should not lament nor sorrow for the miserable change of his fortune at the end of his days, but rather that she should think him the more fortunate for the former triumphs and honours he had received, considering that while he lived he was the noblest and greatest prince of the world, and that now he was overcome, not cowardly, but valiantly, a Roman by another Roman.'

'After Antonius had thrust his sword into himself, as they 51 carried him into the tombs and monuments of Cleopatra, one of his guard, called Dercetæus, took his sword with which he had stricken himself and hid it; then he secretly stole away, and brought Octavius Cæsar the first news of his death, and showed him his sword that was bloodied. Cæsar, hearing these news, straight withdrew himself into a secret place of his tent,

and there burst out with tears, lamenting his hard and miserable fortune, that had been his friend and brother-in-law, his equal in the empire, and companion with him in sundry great exploits and battles. Then he called for all his friends, and showed them the letters Antonius had written to him, and his answers also sent him again, during their quarrel and strife, and how fiercely and proudly the other answered him to all just and
52 reasonable matters he wrote unto him. After this he sent Proculeius, and commanded him to do what he could possible to get Cleopatra alive, fearing lest otherwise all the treasure would be lost: and furthermore, he thought that, if he could take Cleopatra, and bring her alive to Rome, she would marvellously beautify and set out his triumph.'

'But Cleopatra would never put herself into Proculeius' hands, although they spoke together. For Proculeius came to the gates, that were very thick and strong, and surely barred; but yet there were some crannies through the which her voice might be heard, and so they without understood that Cleopatra demanded the kingdom of Egypt for her sons; and that Proculeius answered her that she should be of good cheer, and not
53 be afraid to refer all unto Cæsar. After he had viewed the place very well, he came and reported her answer unto Cæsar, who immediately sent Gallus to speak once again with her, and bade him purposely hold her with talk whilst Proculeius did set up a ladder against that high window by the which Antonius was trised up, and came down into the monument with two of his men hard by the gate where Cleopatra stood to hear what Gallus said unto her. One of her women which was shut in the monument with her saw Proculeius by chance as he came down, and shrieked out, O, poor Cleopatra, thou art taken! Then when she saw Proculeius behind her as she came from the gate, she thought to have stabbed herself with a short dagger she wore of purpose by her side. But Proculeius came suddenly upon her, and, taking her by both the hands, said unto her, Cleopatra, first thou shalt do thyself great wrong, and secondly unto Cæsar, to deprive him of the occasion and opportunity openly to show his bounty and mercy, and to give his enemies cause to accuse the most courteous and noble prince

that ever was, and to appeach him as though he were a cruel and merciless man that were not to be trusted. So, even as he spake the word, he took her dagger from her, and shook her clothes for fear of any poison hidden about her.'

'Shortly after Cæsar came himself in person to see her, and to 54 comfort her. When Cæsar had made her lie down again, and sat by her bedside, Cleopatra began to clear and excuse herself for that she had done, laying all to the fear she had of Antonius. Cæsar, in contrary manner, reproved her in every point. Then she suddenly altered her speech, and prayed him to pardon her, as though she were afraid to die, and desirous to live. At 55 length she gave him a brief and memorial of all the ready money and treasure she had. But by chance there stood Seleucus by, one of her treasurers, who, to seem a good servant, came straight to Cæsar to disprove Cleopatra, that she had not set in all, but kept many things back of purpose. Cleopatra was in such a rage with him, that she flew upon him, and took him by the hair of the head, and boxed him well favouredly. Cæsar fell a-laughing, and parted the fray. Alas! said she, O, Cæsar! is not this a great shame and reproach, that thou having vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and hast done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought unto this pitiful and miserable estate; and that mine own servants should come now to accuse me, though it may be I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself withal, but meaning to give some pretty presents and gifts unto Octavia and Livia, that, they making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy mercy and favour upon me? Cæsar was glad to hear her say so, persuading himself thereby that she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made her answer, that he did not only give her that to dispose of at her pleasure which she had kept back, but further promised to use her more honourably and bountifully than she would think for: and so he took his leave of her, supposing he had deceived her, but indeed he was deceived himself.'

'There was a young gentleman, Cornelius Dolabella, that 56 was one of Cæsar's very great familiars, and besides did bear

no evil will unto Cleopatra. He sent her word secretly, as she had requested him, that Cæsar determined to take his journey through Syria, and that within three days he would send her away before with her children. When this was told Cleopatra, she commanded they should prepare her bath, and when she had bathed and washed herself she fell to her meat,
57 and was sumptuously served. Now, whilst she was at dinner, there came a countryman, and brought her a basket. The soldiers that warded at the gates asked him straight what he had in his basket. He opened the basket, and took out the leaves that covered the figs, and showed them that they were figs he brought. They all of them marvelled to see such goodly figs. The countryman laughed to hear them, and bade them take some if they would. They believed he told them truly, and so bade him carry them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certain table written and sealed, unto Cæsar, and commanded them all to go out of the tombs where she was but the two women; then she shut the doors to her. Cæsar, when he received this table, and began to read her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with Antonius, found straight what she meant, and thought to have gone thither himself; howbeit, he sent one before him in all
58 haste that might be to see what it was. Her death was very sudden; for those whom Cæsar sent unto her ran thither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet; and her other woman, called Charmian, half dead, and trembling, trimming the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head. One of the soldiers, seeing her, angrily said unto her, Is that well done, Charmian? Very well, said she again, and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings. She said no more, but fell down dead hard by
59 the bed. Some report that this aspice was brought unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commanded them to hide it under the fig-leaves, that, when she should think to take out

the figs, the aspic should bite her before she should see her. Howbeit, that, when she would have taken away the leaves from the figs, she perceived it, and said, Art thou here then? And so, her arm being naked, she put it to the aspic to be bitten. Other say again she kept it in a box, and that she did prick and thrust it with a spindle of gold, so that the aspic, being angered withal, leapt out with great fury, and bit her in the arm. Howbeit, few can tell the truth: for they report also 60 that she had hidden poison in a hollow razor which she carried in the hair of her head; and yet was there no mark seen of her body, or any sign discerned that she was poisoned, neither also did they find this serpent in her tomb. But it was reported only that there were seen certain fresh steps or tracks where it had gone on the tomb side toward the sea, and specially by the door's side. Some say also that they found two little pretty bitings in her arm, scant to be discerned: the which it seemeth Cæsar himself gave credit unto, because in his triumph he carried Cleopatra's image with an aspic biting of her arm. And thus goeth the report of her death. Now Cæsar, though he was marvellous sorry for the death of Cleopatra, yet he wondered at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commanded she should be nobly buried, and laid by Antonius; and willed also that her two women should have honourable burial.'

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

B

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

(Appears)

M. ANTONY, <i>a triumvir</i>	Act I. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 6 ; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 7 ; sc. 8 ; sc. 9 ; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 5 ; sc. 7 ; sc. 8 ; sc. 10 ; sc. 12 ; sc. 13.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, <i>a triumvir</i>	Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 6 ; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2 ; sc. 6 ; sc. 8 ; sc. 10. Act IV. sc. 1 ; sc. 6 ; sc. 10. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 2.
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, <i>a triumvir</i>	Act I. sc. 4. Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 6 ; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2.
SEXTUS POMPEIUS	Act II. sc. 1 ; sc. 6 ; sc. 7.
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS, <i>a friend of Antony</i>	Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 6 ; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2 ; sc. 5 ; sc. 7 ; sc. 8 ; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2 ; sc. 6 ; sc. 9.
VENTIDIUS, <i>a friend of Antony</i>	Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 3. Act III. sc. 1.
EROS, <i>a friend of Antony</i>	Act III. sc. 5 ; sc. 9. Act IV. sc. 4 ; sc. 5 ; sc. 7 ; sc. 12.
SCARUS, <i>a friend of Antony</i>	Act III. sc. 8. Act IV. sc. 7 ; sc. 8 ; sc. 10.
DERCETAS, <i>a friend of Antony</i>	Act IV. sc. 12. Act V. sc. 1.
DEMETRIUS, <i>a friend of Antony</i>	Act I. sc. 1.
PHILO, <i>a friend of Antony</i>	Act I. sc. 1.
MECÆNAS, <i>a friend of Cæsar</i>	Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 6 ; sc. 7. Act III sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 1. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 2.
AGRIPPA, <i>a friend of Cæsar</i>	Act II. sc. 2 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 7. Act III. sc. 2 ; sc. 7. Act IV. sc. 1 ; sc. 6 ; sc. 7. Act V. sc. 1.
DOLABELLA, <i>a friend of Cæsar</i>	Act III. sc. 10. Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 2.
PROCULEIUS, <i>a friend of Cæsar</i>	Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 2.
THYREUS, <i>a friend of Cæsar</i>	Act III. sc. 10 ; sc. 11.
GALLUS, <i>a friend of Cæsar</i>	Act V. sc. 1 ; sc. 2.
MENAS, <i>a friend of Pompey</i>	Act II. sc. 1 ; sc. 6 ; sc. 7.
MENECRATES, <i>a friend of Pompey</i>	Act II. sc. 1.
VARRIUS, <i>a friend of Pompey</i>	Act II. sc. 1.
TAURUS, <i>lieutenant-general to Cæsar</i>	Act III. sc. 8.
CANIDIUS, <i>lieutenant-general to Antony</i>	Act III. sc. 7 ; sc. 8.
SILIUS, <i>an officer in Ventidius's army</i>	Act III. sc. 1.
EUPHRONIUS, <i>an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar</i>	Act III. sc. 10 ; sc. 11.
ALEXAS, <i>an attendant on Cleopatra</i>	Act I. sc. 2 ; sc. 3. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3. Act IV. sc. 2.
MARDIAN, <i>an attendant on Cleopatra</i>	Act I. sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act IV. sc. 11 ; sc. 12.
SELEUCUS, <i>an attendant on Cleopatra</i>	Act V. sc. 2.
DIOMEDES, <i>an attendant on Cleopatra</i>	Act IV. sc. 12 ; sc. 13.
A Soothsayer.	Act I. sc. 2. Act II. sc. 3.
A Clown	Act V. sc. 2.
CLEOPATRA, <i>Queen of Egypt</i>	Act I. sc. 1 ; sc. 2 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3 ; sc. 7 ; sc. 9 ; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 8 ; sc. 10 ; sc. 11 ; sc. 13. Act V. sc. 2.
OCTAVIA, <i>sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony</i>	Act II. sc. 3. Act III. sc. 2 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 6.
CHARMIAN, <i>an attendant on Cleopatra</i>	Act I. sc. 2 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3 ; sc. 9 ; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2 ; sc. 4 ; sc. 11 ; sc. 13. Act V. sc. 2.
IRAS, <i>an attendant on Cleopatra</i>	Act I. sc. 2 ; sc. 3 ; sc. 5. Act II. sc. 5. Act III. sc. 3 ; sc. 9 ; sc. 11. Act IV. sc. 2 ; sc. 11 ; sc. 13. Act V. sc. 2.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE,—DISPERSED ; IN SEVERAL PARTS OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and musters of the war
Have glowed like plated¹ Mars, now bend,² now turn
The office and devotion of their view,
Upon a tawny front:³ his captain's heart,
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
The buckles on his breast, reneges⁴ all temper,
And is become the bellows and the fan
To cool a gipsy's⁵ lust. Look, where they come!

[Flourish without.]

Take but good note, and you shall see in him

¹ *Plated.*] In armour of plate.

² *Bend.*] Are directed.

³ *Front.*] Face.

⁴ *Reneges.*] Disowns; renounces; abjures. In *K. Lear*, ii. 2, we have 'Reneged, affirm,' &c. *Reneye* was another form of the word, as in Chaucer's *Man of Law's Tale*, 'We reneyed Mahound our creance' (Lat. *renego*). Shakspeare probably wrote 'reneyes.'

⁵ *Gipsy.*] This word was supposed to be a corruption of *Egyptian*.

The triple pillar¹ of the world transformed
Into a strumpet's fool : behold and see.

Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their* Trains ;
Eunuchs *fanning* her.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn² how far to be beloved.

Ant. Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new
earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:³—the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony :

Fulvia perchance is angry ; or, who knows
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar⁴ have not sent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this ;*
*Take in that kingdom,*⁵ *and enfranchise that ;*
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love !

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,—
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal

¹ *Triple pillar.*] One of the three pillars ; referring to the triumvirate of Antony, Octavius Cæsar, and Lepidus. *Triple* in the sense of *third* occurs in *All's Well that Ends Well*, ii. 1, ' A triple eye safer than mine own two.'

² *Bourn.*] Boundary ; French *borne*, a limit or landmark.

³ *Grates me.*] Is grating or annoying to me.

⁴ *Scarce-bearded Cæsar.*] Young Octavius. In *Julius Cæsar*, v. 1, Cassius calls him ' A peevish schoolboy.'

⁵ *Take in that kingdom.*] To *take in* is to capture, to reduce to dependence. The phrase occurs also in Act iii. sc. 7, ' And take in Toryne ;' and in iii. 13, ' When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in.' So in *Coriolanus*, iii. 2, ' To take in a town with gentle words.'

Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where 's Fulvia's process?¹ Cæsar's, I would say.—
both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays shame
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds.²—The messengers!

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch
Of the ranged³ empire fall! Here is my space.⁴
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*
And such a twain can do 't, in which I bind
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,⁵
We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll seem the fool I am not;—Antony
Will be himself.

Ant. But stirred⁶ by Cleopatra.—
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,
Let's not confound⁷ the time with conference harsh:
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
Without some pleasure now:—what sport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.

¹ *Process.*] Summons. See Extracts from Plutarch, 5.

² *Fulvia scolds.*] See Extracts from Plutarch, 17.

³ *Ranged.*] Wide; extensive.

⁴ *My space.*] My sphere.

⁵ *To weet.*] To know.

⁶ *Stirred.*] Actuated.

⁷ *Confound.*] Spend; consume. So in *Coriolanus*, i. 6, 'How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour?' and in *1 K. Henry IV* i. 3, 'He did confound the best part of an hour.'

Ant. — Fie, wrangling queen !
Whom everything becomes,—to chide, to laugh,
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired !
No messenger ; but thine ;¹ and all alone
To-night we'll wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people.² Come, my queen ;
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.³

[*Exeunt* ANT. and CLEOP., with their Train.

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius prized so slight ?

Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still⁴ should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar,⁵ who
Thus speaks of him at Rome : but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy !⁶

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.⁷

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most anything Alexas,
almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that

¹ *No messenger ; but thine.*] I will hear no messenger ; I am thine only.

² *Note the qualities, &c.*] See Extracts from Plutarch, 14.

³ *Speak not to us.*] This is said to the attendant.

⁴ *Still.*] Ever.

⁵ *Approves the common liar.*] Verifies common report, which is proverbially a common liar.

⁶ *Rest you happy !*] Farewell. The phrases, Rest you happy ! Rest you fair ! Rest you merry ! &c., are borrowed from the language used in wishing repose for a departed spirit.

⁷ *A soothsayer.*] See Extracts from Plutarch, 23.

you praised so to the queen? O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must change his horns with garlands?¹

Alex. Soothsayer,—

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more loving than beloved.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.²

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be

¹ *Change his horns, &c.*] *Change* has been supposed to be a misprint for *charge*. But I apprehend that 'change his horns' means 'make reprisals for his horns.'

² *I had rather, &c.*] That is, rather than heat my liver with love unrequited. The liver was supposed to be the seat of passion; hence the Duke in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 4, says, 'Their love may be called appetite,—No motion of the liver but the palate.'

married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.¹

Sooth. You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike my children shall have no names:²—prithee, how many boys and wenches must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile³ every wish, a million.

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.⁴

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

Char. E'en as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.⁵

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

¹ *I love long life, &c.]* To love a thing better than figs, was a proverbial expression.

² *Shall have no names.]* Shall be illegitimate.

³ *Fertile.]* This is Warburton's correction of the original *foretel*.

⁴ *Drunk to bed.]* The fortune of going drunk to bed.

⁵ *A worky-day fortune.]* A work-a-day fortune means an ordinary or poor one, as contrasted with a holiday or flush one.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts heaven mend!—Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune!—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis,¹ I beseech thee! and let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Isis, I beseech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded: therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum,² and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now, if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't!

Eno. Hush! Here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

¹ *Isis.*] Osiris and Isis were the chief deities of Egypt. They are supposed to have originally meant the sun and moon.

² *Keep decorum.*] Be consistent. So in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters (A Melancholy Man)*, 'His outside is framed to his inside: in that he keeps a decorum.' The phrase occurs again in the present play (p. 136).

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden
A Roman thought hath struck him.—*Enobarbus*,—

Eno. Madam?

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither.—Where's
Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and Attendants.

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.¹

Ant. Against my brother Lucius?

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, jointing their force² 'gainst Cæsar;
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.³

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:—
Things that are past are done with me.—'Tis thus,
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as⁴ he flattered.

Mess. Labienus

(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended⁵ Asia from Euphrates;

¹ *Fulvia thy wife, &c.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 16.

² *Jointing their force.*] So in *Othello*, i. 3, 'The Ottomites—have there injointed them with an after fleet.'

³ *Infects the teller.*] Makes the teller as hateful as the news.

⁴ *As.*] As if.

⁵ *Extended.*] Made an extent or seizure of—'Make an extent upon his house and lands.' *As you Like it*, iii. 1.

His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia; whilst—

Ant. *Antony*, thou wouldst say,—

Mess. O, my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home,¹ mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she's called in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults
With such full licence as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie still;² and our ills told us
Is as our earing!³ Fare thee well a while.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon ho, the news! Speak there!

1 Att. The man from Sicyon,—is there such an one?

2 Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.—

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?

2 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.⁴

Ant. Where died she?

2 Mess. In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*Gives a letter.*

Ant. Forbear me.⁵—

[*Exit Messenger.*

¹ *Home.*] Directly; straightforwardly.

² *When our quick winds, &c.*] When the quick winds that carry the report of our conduct, &c.

³ *As our earing.*] Like ploughing us up.

⁴ *Is dead.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 17.

⁵ *Forbear me.*] Leave me. See p. 144, note 1.

There's a great spirit gone ! Thus did I desire it :
What our contempt doth often hurl from us,¹
We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself :² she's good, being gone ;³
The hand could pluck her back that shoved her on.
I must from this enchanting queen break off ;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch.—How now ! Enobarbus !

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir ?

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. We see how mortal an unkindness is to them ; if they suffer⁴ our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion, let women die : it were pity to cast them away for nothing ; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly ; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment : I do think there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she hath such a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack, sir, no ; her passions are made of nothing

¹ *What our contempt, &c.]* What we in a slighting spirit cast away from us.

² *The opposite of itself.]* The lowest part of the revolving circle, having been at first the highest.

³ *She's good, being gone.]* I think her good, now that she is dead.

⁴ *If they suffer.]* If they incur the affliction of.

but the finest part of pure love. We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacs can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.¹

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Sir!

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the state Cannot endure my absence.

Eno. And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break² The cause of our expedience³ to the queen,

¹ *Makes a shower of rain, &c.*] An allusion to the story of Danae.

² *Break.*] Broach.

³ *Expedience.*] Expedition. 'Expedient manage must be made.'
K. Richard II., i. 4.

And get her leave to part.¹ For not alone
 The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
 Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too
 Of many our contriving friends in Rome
 Petition us at home.² Sextus Pompeius
 Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
 The empire of the sea: our slippery people
 (Whose love is never linked to the deserver
 Till his deserts are past) begin to throw
 Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
 Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
 Higher than both in blood³ and life, stands up
 For the main soldier: whose quality, going on,
 The sides o' the world may danger.⁴ Much is breeding,
 Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
 And not a serpent's poison.⁵ Say, our pleasure,
 To such whose place is under us, requires
 Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do't. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.

Cleo. [To ALEX.] See where he is, who's with him
 what he does:—

¹ *To part.*] To depart. French *partir*.

² *Petition us at home.*] Call us home.

³ *In blood.*] In spirit or temper.

⁴ *Danger.*] Endanger.

⁵ *The courser's hair, &c.*] There is here an allusion to the vulgar notion that horse-hairs buried in moisture became serpents.

I did not send you : ¹—if you find him sad,²
 Say I am dancing ; if in mirth, report
 That I am sudden sick : quick, and return. [*Exit ALEX.*

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
 You do not hold the method to enforce
 The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do I do not ?³

Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool,—the way⁴ to lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far : I wish, forbear ;⁵
 In time we hate that which we often fear.
 But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.

Enter ANTONY.

Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall :
 It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature
 Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, stand farther from me.

Ant. What's the matter ?

Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.

What says the married woman ?—You may go :

¹ *I did not send you.*] Do not let it be known that I sent you.

² *Sad.*] In a serious mood. *Sad* often means *serious* in our old literature. 'Speak sad brow and true maid.' *As you Like it*, iii. 2.

³ *I do not*] That I do not.

⁴ *The way.*] That is the way.

⁵ *I wish forbear.*] Forbear is my wish. The verb *forbear* is here in the imperative mood.

Would she had never given you leave to come !
 Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here,—
 I have no power upon you ; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
 So mightily betrayed ! yet at the first
 I saw the treasons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine and true,
 Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,¹
 Who have been false to Fulvia ? Riotous madness,
 To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
 Which break themselves in swearing !

Ant. Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour² for your going,
 But bid farewell, and go : when you sued staying,
 Then was the time for words : no going then ;—
 Eternity was in our³ lips and eyes,
 Bliss in our brows' bent ; none our parts so poor,⁴
 But was a race of heaven :⁵ they are so still,
 Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
 Art turned the greatest liar.

Ant. How now, lady !

¹ *Though you in swearing, &c.]* Though you should utter such oaths as might agitate the gods by whom you swear.

² *Colour.]* Pretext. So in Acts xxvii. 30, 'Under colour as though they would have cast anchors out of the foreship.'

³ *Our.]* My.

⁴ *None our parts so poor.]* No one of my qualities was so poor.

⁵ *But was a race of heaven.]* *Race* is a suspicious word here, for which I would venture to substitute *trace*. There was *eternity* in the lips and eyes, *bliss* in the brows' bent, a *trace of heaven* in every quality. It should be remarked, however, that *race* had for one of its meanings *smack* or *relish*.

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant.

Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services a while; but my full heart
Remains in use¹ with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port² of Rome:
Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction:³ the hated, grown to strength,
Are newly-grown to love; the condemned Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change.⁴ My more particular,⁵
And that which most with you should save my going,⁶
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childishness:⁷—can Fulvia die?

¹ *In use.*] In trust. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1, Antonio, speaking of Shylock's goods, desires to have 'The other half in use' for the Jew's son-in-law.

² *The port.*] The gate. Lat. *porta*.

³ *Scrupulous faction.*] Party dissensions about little things.

⁴ *And quietness, &c.*] And who, grown sick of rest, would purge quietness by any desperate change.

⁵ *My more particular.*] What more immediately concerns myself. A man's *particular* meant his individuality, his own proper person. So in *K. Lear*, ii. 4, 'For his particular, I'll receive him gladly.' The community at large was called *the general*; thus in *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1, 'I know no personal cause to spurn at him, but for the general.'

⁶ *Should save my going.*] Should make my going safe.

⁷ *It does from childishness.*] It prevents my being imposed on like a child.

Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read
The garboils¹ she awaked; at the last best,
See when and where she died.²

Cleo. O, most false love!
Where be the sacred vials³ thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,
In Fulvia's death how mine received shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,
As you shall give the advice. By the fire
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier-servant; making peace or war
As thou affect'st!⁴

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come!—
But let it be:—I am quickly ill and well;
So Antony loves.⁵

Ant. My precious queen, forbear
And give true evidence to his love, which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.⁶
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her;

¹ *Garboils.*] Turmoils.

² *At the last best.*] See at the last what is the best of the news. Staunton, we think, wrongly supposes *best* to be an epithet of endearment addressed to Cleopatra. That Antony should call 'the last best' is what provokes the next speech. In North's Plutarch it is said that '*by good fortune* Fulvia sickened by the way and died.' See Extracts from Plutarch, 17.

³ *Sacred vials.*] An allusion to lachrymatories or tear-bottles. See Psalm lvi. 8, 'Put thou my tears in thy bottle.'

⁴ *As thou affectest.*] As thou inclinest.

⁵ *So Antony loves.*] And Antony's affection is just as fluctuating.

⁶ *So Fulvia told me.*] The case of Fulvia has told me what honourable trial your love stands.

Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt. Good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You 'll heat my blood : no more !

Cleo. You can do better yet;¹ but this is meetly.

Ant. Now, by my sword,—

Cleo. And target!—Still he mends;
But this is not the best :—look, prithee, Charmian,
How this Herculean Roman does become
The carriage of his chief.²

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part,—but that 's not it :
Sir, you and I have loved,—but there 's not it ;
That you know well something it is I would³—
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,
And I am all forgotten !⁴

Ant. But that your royalty
Holds idleness your subject,⁵ I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo. 'T is sweating labour
To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;

¹ *You can do better yet.*] You can come out more strongly yet : This is a taunting reference to Antony's preceding speech.

² *His chief.*] In the original it is 'his chafe'; but a reference to Extracts from Plutarch, 1, will show that Shakspeare must have meant a reference to Hercules, as the chief of the family of the Antonii.

³ *That you know, &c.*] It is something that you know well which I would say. There is here one of the many peculiar inversions of ordinary arrangement characteristic of Shakspeare.

⁴ *My oblivion, &c.*] The thought of Antony overwhelms (causes oblivion of) all other thoughts, and I am lost in forgetfulness.

⁵ *Holds idleness, &c.*] Has a claim of service on all idleness.

Since my becoming kill me, when they do not
 Eye well to you:¹ your honour calls you hence,
 Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,
 And all the gods go with you ! upon your sword
 Sit laurel Victory ! and smooth success
 Be strewed before your feet !

Ant. Let us go. Come :

Our separation so abides, and flies,²
 That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
 And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee.
 Away ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, reading a letter, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,
 It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
 Our great competitor: from Alexandria
 This is the news:—he fishes, drinks, and wastes
 The lamps of night in revel: is not more man-like
 Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy³
 More womanly than he: hardly gave audience,
 Or vouchsafed to think he had partners. You shall find
 there

A man who is the abstract of all faults
 That all men follow.⁴

¹ *Eye well to you.*] Appear well in your eyes.

² *Our separation, &c.*] Our separation is such a mixture of remaining and removing.

³ *The queen of Ptolemy.*] Ptolemy Dionysius and his sister Cleopatra were married that they might reign jointly.

⁴ *That all men follow.*] That follow, beset, or pertain to, all men.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness :
His faults, in him, seem as the spots of heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness: hereditary,
Rather than purchased;¹ what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, 't is not
amiss
To tumble on the bed of Ptolemy;
To give a kingdom for a mirth; to sit
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave;
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat; say, this becomes
him,—
As his composure³ must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must Antony
No way excuse his soils,⁴ when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he filled
His vacancy⁵ with his voluptuousness,
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for 't:⁶ but to confound such time,⁷
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours,⁸—'t is to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in knowledge,

¹ *Purchased.*] Acquired.

² *Keep the turn, &c.*] See Extracts from Plutarch, 2.

³ *His composure.*] A man's composition.

⁴ *His soils.*] The blemishes of his character.

⁵ *His vacancy.*] His leisure hours.

⁶ *Full surfeits, &c.*] Let full surfeits, &c., call him to account for it.

⁷ *To confound such time.*] To consume or waste such time. See p. 5, note 7.

⁸ *Speaks as loud, &c.*] Speaks with the urgency of his own state and ours in hazard.

Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Lep. Here's more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is beloved of those
That only have feared Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents¹ repair, and men's reports
Give him² much wronged.

Cæs. I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wished until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes deared³ by being lacked. This common body,
Like to a vagabond⁴ flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,⁵
Make the sea serve them, which they ear⁶ and wound
With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't,⁷ and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth, but 't is as soon

¹ *Discontents.*] Malcontents.

² *Give him.*] Represent him as; give him out to be.

³ *Comes deared.*] Becomes endeared. The original has *feared*.

⁴ *Vagabond.*] Floating about; drifting.

⁵ *Menecrates, &c.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 20.

⁶ *Ear.*] Plough.

⁷ *Lack blood to think on 't.*] Grow pale in thinking of it.

Taken as seen ; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.¹

Cæs.

Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassails.² When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena,³ where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow ; whom⁴ thou fought'st against,
Though daintily brought up, with patience more⁵
Than savages could suffer : thou didst drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at : thy palate then did deign
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge ;
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st ; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on : and all this
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now)
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lanked not.

Lep.

'T is pity of him.

Cæs. Let his shames quickly

Drive him to Rome ; 't is time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field ; and to that end
Assemble we immediate council. Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep.

To-morrow, Cæsar,

¹ *Than could his war resisted.*] Than could his weapons of war if he were resisted.

² *Wassails.*] The old text has *Vassailles*.

³ *When thou once, &c.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 7. The ancient name of Modena was Mutina, and both names should be accented on the first syllable. Mutina was a Roman colony of Cisalpine Gaul.

⁴ *Whom.*] The antecedent to this word is *Famine*.

⁵ *With patience more.*] More patiently. For the source of this speech, see Extracts from Plutarch, 8.

I shall be furnished to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able,¹
To front this present time.

Cæs. Till which encounter,²
It is my business too. Farewell.

Lep. Farewell, my lord; what you shall know mean-
time
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cæs. Doubt not, sir;
I knew it for my bond.³ [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian,—

Char. Madam.

Cleo. Ha, ha!—Give me to drink mandragora.⁴

Char. Why, Madam?

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap of time
My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O, 't is treason!⁵

Char. Madam, I trust not so.

Cleo. O, Charmian,

¹ *I can be able.*] I can be in ability or force.

² *Encounter.*] Meeting with you.

³ *I knew it for my bond.*] I knew it to be my duty from the terms of the covenant of our triumvirate. See Extracts from Plutarch, 18.

⁴ *Mandragora.*] A herb of soporific quality, referred to in Pliny's Natural History. 'Not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world.' *Othello*, iii. 3.

⁵ *'Tis treason.*] His departure is treacherous.

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O, happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wott'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me:—now I feed myself
With most delicious poison.—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time?¹ Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;²
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.³—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kissed,—the last of many doubled kisses,—

¹ *Think on me, &c.*] Will he think of me, whose complexion the sun has made so dark, and who am now so old?

² *Make his eyes grow in my brow.*] Look with fixed gaze at, or plant, as it were, his eyes in, my brow.

³ *With his tinct, &c.*] With its tinct, &c. The philosopher's stone, or powder of projection, was often called a medicine. The old alchemists pretended that with this powder they could transmute prepared metal into gold. 'I will make admirable use i' the projection of my medicine upon this lump of copper.' B. Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, i. 2.

This orient¹ pearl:—his speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. *Good friend, quoth he,
Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot,
To mend the petty present, I will piece²
Her opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.* So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt³ steed,
Who neighed so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb⁴ by him.

Cleo. What, was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between the extremes
Of hot and cold, he was nor sad nor merry.

Cleo. O, well-divided disposition!—Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 't is the man; but⁵ note him:
He was not sad,—for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not merry,—
Which seemed to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O, heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad or merry,
The violence of either thee becomes
So does it⁶ no man else.—Mett'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:
Why do you send so thick?

¹ *Orient.*] Bright; glittering.

² *Piece.*] Eke; make addition to. 'Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts.' *K. Henry V.*, Chorus to Act i.

³ *Arm-gaunt.*] Wright says the epithet here means lean, thin as an arm. We think it refers to the angular parts of the horse's armour, as resembling the projecting bones of a gaunt or lean animal.

⁴ *Dumb.*] So in *Pericles*, v. 1, Gower says of Marina—'Deep clerks she dumbs.'

⁵ *But.*] Only.

⁶ *So does it.*] So as it does; in such a way as it does.

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony,
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O, that brave Cæsar!

Cleo. Be choked with such another emphasis!
Say, *the brave Antony*!

Char. The valiant Cæsar!

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men!

Char. By your most gracious pardon,
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days;
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood:
To say as I said then!¹—But come, away:
Get me ink and paper: he shall have every day
A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.² [*Exeunt.*

¹ *To say as I said then!*] That you should say *the brave Cæsar*!
How can you say as I said in my cool salad days?

² *Or I'll unpeople Egypt.*] Though by sending so many I should
unpeople Egypt. Or has the sense of *though* in *K. Richard III.* i. 1,
'I will deliver you, or lie [though I lie in prison] for you;' and in
Hamlet, ii. 2, 'The lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse
shall halt for it.'

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENECRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall assist¹
The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays
The thing we sue for.²

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good ; so find we profit,
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well :
The people love me, and the sea is mine ;
My powers are crescent,³ and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,

¹ *They shall assist.*] We should now say *They will assist.*

² *Decays, &c.*] The thing we sue for decays.

³ *Crescent.*] Growing like the waxing moon. It is to this word, though an adjective, that the pronoun *it* in the next line refers : hope says that *crescent* will come to *full*.

Of both is flattered ; but he neither loves,¹
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Cæsar and Lepidus are in the field ;
A mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this ? 't is false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams ; I know they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms² of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy waned lip !
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts ;
Keep his brain fuming ; Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethed dulness—³

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius ?

Var. This is most certain that I shall deliver :—
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected ; since he went from Egypt, 't is
A space for farther travel.⁴

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear.—Menas, I did not think
This amorous surfeiter would have donned his helm
For such a petty war : his soldiership
Is twice the other twain :⁵ but let us rear

¹ *He neither loves.*] He loves neither.

² *But all the charms.*] But may all the charms.

³ *Prorogue his honour, &c.*] Put off his thoughts, prolong his disregard, of honour, even till he becomes quite oblivious about it.

⁴ *'Tis a space, &c.*] There has been more than time for him to reach Rome.

⁵ *The other twain.*] The soldiership of Cæsar and Lepidus.

The higher our opinion,¹ that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow² pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together :
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar ;
His brother warred upon him ; although, I think,
Not moved by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesserenmities may give way to greater.
Were 't not that we stand up against them all,
'Twere pregnant they should square between themselves ;³
For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords : but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions, and bind up
The petty difference, we yet not know.
Be 't as our gods will have 't ! It only stands
Our lives upon⁴ to use our strongest hands.
Come, Menas. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. *A Room in the House of Lepidus.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 't is a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your captain
To soft and gentle speech.

¹ *Our opinion.*] The estimation of ourselves.

² *Egypt's widow.*] Cleopatra is so called as having been married to her own brother Ptolemy Dionysius. See p. 20, note 3.

³ *'Twere pregnant, &c.*] It would be readily apparent that they should quarrel.

⁴ *Stands our lives upon.*] Is incumbent on our lives, that is, incumbent on us for the sake of our lives. So in *K. Richard II.* ii. 3 'It stands your grace upon to do him right.' See the Editor's *Hamlet*, p. 150, note 1, and *K. Lear*, p. 127, note 2.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave 't to-day !

Lep. 'T is not a time
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in 't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give way.

Eno. Not if the small comes first.

Lep. Your speech is passion :
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here—to Parthia !¹
Hark, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know, Mecænas ; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combined us ² was most great, and let not
A leaner action rend us. What 's amiss,
May it be gently heard : when we debate
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds : then, noble partners,—
The rather, for I earnestly beseech,—

¹ *If we compose, &c.]* If we come to good agreement here, we will proceed to Parthia.

² *That which combined us.]* That which led to our triumvirate.

Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,
Nor curstness grow to the matter.¹

Ant. 'T is spoken well.

Were we before our armies, and to fight,
I should do thus.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome.

Ant. Thank you.

Cæs. Sit.

Ant. Sit, sir.

Cæs. Nay, then.

Ant. I learn, you take things ill, which are not so.
Or being,² concern you not.

Cæs. I must be laughed at,
If, or for nothing or a little, I
Should say myself offended; and with you,
Chiefly i' the world, more laughed at, that I should
Once name you derogately, when to sound³
Your name it not concerned me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar, what was 't to you?

Cæs. No more than my residing here at Rome
Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there
Did practise on⁴ my state, your being in Egypt
Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practised?

Cæs. You may be pleased to catch at mine intent.⁵
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me; and their contestation

¹ *Nor curstness grow, &c.*] And let not ill temper mingle with our business. 'I was never curst; I have no gift at all in shrewishness.' *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2.

² *Or being.*] Or if they be.

³ *To sound.*] To utter.

⁴ *Practise on.*] Form designs against.

⁵ *To catch at mine intent.*] To guess my meaning.

Was theme for you;¹ you were the word of war.²

Ant. You do mistake your business; my brother never
Did urge me³ in his act: I did inquire it;
And have my learning from some true reports,
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather
Discredit my authority with yours;⁴
And make the wars alike against my stomach,
Having⁵ alike your cause? Of this, my letters
Before did satisfy you. If you 'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

Cæs. You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me; but
You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so, not so;
I know you could not lack, I am certain on 't,
Very necessity of this thought,⁶ that I,
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars
Which fronted mine own peace.⁷ As for my wife,

¹ *Was theme for you.*] This reading rather awkwardly expresses the apparently intended meaning—*Had you for its theme or motive.*

² *The word of war.*] The signal word of battle. So in the Julius Cæsar of North's Plutarch 'Brutus' men ran to give charge upon their enemies, and tarried not for the word of the battle, nor commandment to give charge.'

³ *Did urge me.*] Put my name forward.

⁴ *With yours.*] In discrediting yours.

⁵ *Having.*] I having.

⁶ *Could not lack, &c.*] Could not but be under the necessity of thinking.

⁷ *Which fronted mine own peace.*] Which were against my wife and my brother.

I would you had her spirit in such another: ¹
 The third o' the world is yours; which with a snaffle
 You may pace easy, ² but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might
 go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurbable, ³ her garboils, Cæsar,
 Made out of her impatience,—which not wanted
 Shrewdness of policy ⁴ too,—I grieving grant
 Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must
 But say, I could not help it.

Cæs. I wrote to you
 When rioting in Alexandria; you
 Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
 Did gibe my missive ⁵ out of audience.

Ant. Sir,
 He fell upon me ere admitted; then
 'Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want
 Of what I was ⁶ i' the morning: but, next day,
 I told him of myself; ⁷ which was as much
 As to have asked him pardon. Let this fellow
 Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,
 Out of our question wipe him.

Cæs. You have broken

¹ *In such another.]* In a wife of your own like her.

² *Pace easy.]* Make to go at an easy pace.

³ *So much uncurbable.]* The adjective here is an epithet to the pronoun *her*.

⁴ *Shrewdness of policy.]* The policy was Fulvia's design to draw Antony away from Egypt. See Extracts from Plutarch, 17.

⁵ *Missive.]* Messenger. So in *Macbeth*, v. 1, 'Missives from the king.'

⁶ *Did want of what I was.]* Wanted the sobriety which I had.

⁷ *Told him of myself.]* Informed him of the condition I was in on the preceding day.

The article of your oath ; which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

Lep. Soft, Cæsar !

Ant. No, Lepidus, let him speak
The honour 's sacred which he talks on now,
Supposing that I lacked it.—But, on, Cæsar ;
The article of my oath,—

Cæs. To lend me arms and aid when I required them ;
The which you both denied.

Ant. Neglected, rather ;
And then when poisoned hours had bound me up
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
I 'll play the penitent to you ; but mine honesty
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power
Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
To have me out of Egypt, made wars here ;
For which myself, the ignorant motive, do
So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'T is noble spoken.

Mec. If it might please you, to enforce no further
The griefs¹ between ye : to forget them quite
Were to remember that the present need
Speaks to atone you.²

Lep. Worthily spoken, Mecænas

Eno. Or, if you borrow one another's love for the in-
stant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey,
return it again : you shall have time to wrangle in when
you have nothing else to do.

Ant. Thou art a soldier only ; speak no more.

Eno. That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

¹ *Griefs.*] Grievances.

² *Speaks to atone you.*] Speaks what should reconcile you. To
atone is to set at one, or reconcile.

Ant. You wrong this presence; therefore speak no more.

Eno. Go to then; your considerate stone.¹

Cæs. I do not much dislike the matter, but
The manner of his speech: for 't cannot be
We shall remain in friendship, our conditions²
So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew
What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to edge
O' the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Cæsar,—

Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,
Admired Octavia: great Mark Antony
Is now a widower.

Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa;
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
Were well deserved of rashness.³

Ant. I am not married, Cæsar; let me hear
Agrippa further speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity,
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts
With an unslipping knot, take Antony⁴
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men;
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,
All little jealousies, which now seem great,

¹ *Your considerate stone.*] I shall be silent as a stone, and only consider what is said by others.

² *Our conditions.*] Our dispositions.

³ *Your reproof, &c.*] The reproof you would get would be well deserved by such rashness.

⁴ *Take Antony.*] Let Antony take. See Extracts from Plutarch, 19,

And all great fears, which now import their dangers,
Would then be nothing : truths would be tales,¹
Where now half tales be truths : her love to both
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke ;
For 't is a studied, not a present² thought,
By duty ruminated.³

Ant. Will Cæsar speak ?

Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touched
With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so,*
To make this good ?

Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto⁴ Octavia.

Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment !—Let me have thy hand :
Further this act of grace ; and from this hour,
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs !

Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly : let her live
To join our kingdoms and our hearts : and never
Fly off our loves again !

Lep. Happily,⁵ amen !

¹ *Truths would be tales.*] Truths unfavourable would be treated as idle tales.

² *Present.*] Newly suggested.

³ *By duty ruminated.*] One maturely considered under a sense of duty.

⁴ *Power unto.*] Power in relation to ; influence over.

⁵ *Happily.*] This occurs happily.

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst Pompey ;
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me : I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;¹
At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon 's :
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.

Ant. Where lies he ?

Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What is his strength by land ?

Cæs. Great and increasing : but by sea he is
An absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame.²
Would we had spoke together ! Haste we for it :
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we
The business we have talked of.

Cæs. With most gladness ;
And do invite you to my sister's view,
Whither straight I'll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus.
Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony,
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* CÆSAR, ANT., and LEPIDUS.]

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar,³ worthy Mecænas !—My
honourable friend, Agrippa !—

Agr. Good Enobarbus !

¹ *Lest my remembrance, &c.*] Lest I incur censure for being unmindful of favours.

² *So is the fame.*] Such is the rumour.

³ *Half the heart of Cæsar.*] Thou half of Cæsar's heart.

Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters are so well digested.¹ You stayed well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and made the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there! is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle:² we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up³ his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well⁴ for her.

Eno. I will tell you.⁵

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burnt on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were
silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggared all description: she did lie
In her pavilion, (cloth-of-gold of tissue,) ⁶

¹ *Digested.*] Arranged.

² *A fly by an eagle.*] A fly compared with an eagle.

³ *Pursed up.*] Took possession of; captivated.

⁴ *Devised well.*] Cleverly invented.

⁵ *I will tell you.*] The description that follows is founded on that in North's Plutarch. See Extracts, 10.

⁶ *Cloth of gold of tissue.*] This is the expression in North's Plutarch, and means cloth of gold on a ground of tissue.

O'er-picturing¹ that Venus where we see
 The fancy outwork nature :² on each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With divers-coloured fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid, did.³

Agr. O, rare for Antony !

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,⁴
 And made their bends adornings :⁵ at the helm
 A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle
 Swell with the touches⁶ of those flower-soft hands,
 That yarely frame the office.⁷ From the barge
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
 Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
 Her people out upon her ; and Antony,
 Enthroned i' the market-place, did sit alone,

¹ *O'erpicturing.*] Excelling the pictorial beauty of.

² *Outwork nature.*] Surpass the work of nature.

³ *And what they undid did.*] And did, or promoted, what they were meant to undo or obviate. Shakspeare often employs the language of paradox. Thus, in *Macbeth*, i. 3, 'Nothing is but what is not;' and in *Othello*, i. 1, 'I am not what I am;' iii. 4, 'My lord is not my lord;' iv. 1, 'They have it very oft that have it not.'

⁴ *Tended her i' the eyes.*] Attended on her with their eyes. Compare *Psalms*, cxxiii. 2, 'As the eyes of a maiden look unto the hand of her mistress, so our eyes wait,' &c. We wonder that this clause and the one following should have so much perplexed the commentators.

⁵ *And made their bends adornings.*] And by their gaze directed towards her formed ornamental appendages to the main figure, 'And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world.' *Julius Cæsar*, i. 2.

⁶ *Swell with the touches of.*] Swell in the breeze when held or shifted by.

⁷ *Yarely frame the office.*] Expertly imitate the manœuvres of boatmen. See the Editor's *Tempest*, p. 4, note 2.

Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,¹
And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian !

Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,
Invited her to supper : she replied,
It should be better he became her guest ;
Which she entreated : Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of *No* woman heard speak,
Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And, for his ordinary,² pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench !

She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street ;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,
That³ she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.⁴

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never ; he will not ; age cannot wither her,
Nor custom stale her infinite variety :
Other women cloy the appetites they feed ;
But she makes hungry where most she satisfies :
For vilest things become themselves in her,
That the holy priests bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

¹ *Which but for vacancy, &c.*] The air which, but that Nature abhors a vacuum, would have gone, &c.

² *For his ordinary.*] As the price of his entertainment.

³ *That.*] In such a way that.

⁴ *Power breathe forth.*] Breathe forth power.

Agr. Let us go.—
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them, and Attendants.

Ant. The world and my great office will sometimes
Divide me from your bosom.

Octa. All which time
Before the gods my knees shall bow¹ my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.—My Octavia,
Read not my blemishes in the world's report :
I have not kept my square ; but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

Octa. Good night, sir.

Cæs. Good night.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah,—you do wish yourself in Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence, nor you
thither !

Ant. If you can, your reason ?

Sooth. I see it in my motion,² have it not in my tongue :
but yet hie you to Egypt again.

¹ *Shall bow.*] Shall humbly present.

² *I see it in my motion.*] I discern it through the impulse or
inspiration that moves or actuates me.

Ant. Say to me,
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :
Thy demon (that thy spirit¹ which keeps thee) is
Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,
Where Cæsar's is not ; but, near him, thy angel
Becomes a Fear,² as being o'erpowered ; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant.

Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee ; no more, but when to thee.
If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose ; and, of ³ that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds : thy lustre thickens
When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;
But, he away, 't is noble.

Ant.

Get thee gone :

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him :—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*

He shall to Parthia.⁴—Be it art or hap,
He⁵ hath spoken true : the very dice obey him ;
And, in our sports, my better cunning faints
Under his chance :⁶ if we draw lots, he speeds ;

¹ *That thy spirit.*] That spirit or genius of thine. So in *Julius Cæsar*, v. 5, 'For that our love of old.' See Extracts from Plutarch, 23. In *Macbeth*, iii. 1, Macbeth says of Banquo, 'Under him my genius is rebuked, as it is said Mark Antony's was by Cæsar.'

² *A Fear.*] Upton conjectured *afear'd* to be the genuine reading.

³ *Of.*] Out of, or through.

⁴ *He shall to Parthia.*] Ventidius shall go to Parthia for me.

⁵ *He*] The soothsayer.

⁶ *My better cunning, &c.*] My skill, though greater than Cæsar's, succumbs to his luck.

His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
 When it is all to nought;¹ and his quails ever
 Beat mine, inhooped,² at odds. I will to Egypt:
 And though I make this marriage for my peace,
 I' the east my pleasure lies.—

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O, come, Ventidius,
 You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
 Follow me, and receive it. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further: pray you, hasten
 Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
 Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,
 Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
 As I conceive the journey, be at Mount³
 Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter;
 My purposes do draw me much about:
 You'll win two days upon me.

Mec., Agr. Sir, good success!

Lep. Farewell! [*Exeunt.*]

¹ *All to nought.*] 'All the world to nothing!' *K. Richard III.*, i.
 2; *Romeo & Juliet*, iii. 5.

² *Inhooped.*] When enclosed in the ring.

³ *At Mount.*] At Mount Misenum. Extracts from Plutarch, 20.
 Misenum was a promontory of Campania in Italy.

SCENE V.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Give me some music;—music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.¹

Att. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let us to billiards:
Come, Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch played
As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is showed, though't come too
short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:—
Give me mine angle,—we'll to the river: there,
My music² playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finned fishes; my bended hook shall pierce
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, *Ah ha! you're caught.*

Char. 'Twas merry when
You wagered on your angling;³ when your diver

¹ *Moody food, &c.*] 'If music be the food of love, play on.'
Twelfth Night, i. 1.

² *My music.*] Music, often signified, as here, a band of musicians. So in *The Merchant of Venice*, v. 1, 'It is your music, madam, of the house;' and in *K. Henry VIII.*, iv. 2, 'Bid the music leave: they are harsh and heavy to me.'

³ 'Twas merry when, &c.] Extracts from Plutarch, 15.

Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time,—O, times!—
I laughed him out of patience; and that night
I laughed him into patience; and next morn,
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.¹

Enter a Messenger.

O, from Italy!

Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—

Cleo. Antony's dead!—If thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but, *well and free!*
If thou so yield him,² there is gold, and here
My bluest veins to kiss,—a hand that kings
Have lipped, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark; we
use

To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will;
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony
Be free and healthful—so tart a favour³

¹ *His sword Philippan.*] The sword with which he fought at Philippi.

² *So yield him.*] Admit or report him to be so.

³ *Favour.*] Countenance. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 5, 'Thou shamest the music of sweet news by playing it to me with so sour a face.'

To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crowned with snakes,
Not like a formal¹ man.

Mess. Will 't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:
Yet, if thou say Antony lives, 't is well;
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail
Rich pearls upon thee.²

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—

Cleo. I do not like *but yet*, it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon *but yet*!
But yet is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together: he's friends with Cæsar;
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.

¹ *A formal man.*] A sedate or sober-minded man. So in *The Comedy of Errors*, v. 1,

‘With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again.’

² *I'll set thee, &c.*] In some eastern countries it was customary for princes, at their coronation, to be powdered with gold dust and seed-pearl. Hence the lines in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, ii. 3,

‘Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.’

Mess. *Free*, madam ! no, I made no such report :
He 's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian.

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia.

Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon thee !

[*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you?—Hence,

[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain ! or I'll spurn thine eyes

Like balls before me ; I'll unhair thy head ;

[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipped with wire, and stewed in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,
And make thy fortunes proud : the blow thou hadst
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage ;
And I will boot thee¹ with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam.

Cleo. Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

[*Draws a knife.*]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run.—
What mean you, madam ? I have made no fault. [*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within yourself ;
The man is innocent.

Cleo. Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—
Melt Egypt into Nile ! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents !—Call the slave again :—

¹ *Boot thee.*] Profit thee.

Though I am mad, I will not bite him :—call !

Char. He is afeard to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him ;—

[*Exit* CHARMIAN.

These hands do lack nobility that they strike

A meaner than myself ; since I myself

Have given myself the cause.—

Re-enter CHARMIAN and Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

Though it be honest, it is never good

To bring bad news : give to a gracious message

An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell

Themselves, when they be felt.

Mess.

I have done my duty.

Cleo. Is he married ?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do

If thou again say *Yes*.

Mess.

He's married, madam.

Cleo. The gods confound thee ! dost thou hold there
still ?

Mess. Should I lie, madam ?

Cleo.

O, I would thou didst,

So half my Egypt were submerged, and made

A cistern for scaled snakes ! Go, get thee hence :

Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me

Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married ?

Mess. I crave your highness' pardon.

Cleo.

He is married ?

Mess. Take no offence that I would not offend you :¹

¹ *Take no offence, &c*] Do not be offended at my unwillingness
to offend you by unfaithfulness.

To punish me for what you make me do
Seems much unequal:¹ he 's married to Octavia.

Cleo. O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,
That art not what thou 'rt sure of!²—Get thee hence:
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome
Are all too dear for me; lie they upon thy hand,
And be undone by 'em! [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. Good your highness, patience.

Cleo. In praising Antony, I have dispraised Cæsar.

Char. Many times, madam.

Cleo. I am paid for 't now.

Lead me from hence;
I faint:—O, Iras, Charmian!—'t is no matter.—
Go to the fellow, good Alexas; bid him
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,
Her inclination; let him not leave out
The colour of her hair:—bring me word quickly.—

[*Exit ALEXAS.*]

Let him for ever go:—let him not—Charmian:
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,
The other way 's a Mars.³—Bid you Alexas

[*To MARDIAN.*]

Bring me word how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Much unequal.*] Very inconsistent.

² *O, that his fault, &c.*] The sense of this much-disputed passage seems to me to be: O, that his fault should make thee its servant (messenger), thou not being thyself the fault of which thou art assured, so that I cannot punish the fault by punishing thee.

³ *Though he be painted, &c.*] An allusion to double or turning pictures, presenting a contrast of faces.

SCENE VI.—*Near Misenum.*

Flourish. Enter POMPEY and MENAS from one side, with drum and trumpet; from the other, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.

Pom. Your hostages I have, so have you mine;
And we shall talk before we fight.

Cæs. Most meet
That first we come to words; and therefore have
Our written purposes before us sent;
Which if thou hast considered, let us know
If 't will tie up thy discontented sword,
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth¹
That else must perish here.

Pom. To you all three
The senators alone of this great world,
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know
Wherefore my father should revengers want,
Having a son and friends; since Julius Cæsar,
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,
There saw you labouring for him.² What was't
That moved pale Cassius to conspire? and what
Made the all-honoured, honest Roman, Brutus,
With the armed rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,
To drench the Capitol,³ but that they would

¹ *Much tall youth.*] Many gallant young fellows, The epithet *tall* was often used to denote brave, strong, sturdy; and was applied to ships as well as men.—'Spoke like a tall fellow!' *K. Richard III.*, i. 4; 'Eight tall ships.' *K. Richard II.*, ii. 1.

² *Labouring for him.*] Striving to avenge his death.

³ *To drench the Capitol.*] The Curia of Pompey, not the Capitol, was the scene of the assassination of Cæsar. Shakspeare has, in

Have one man but a man? And that is it
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden
The angered ocean foams; with which I meant
To scourge the ingratitude that spiteful Rome
Cast on my noble father.

Cæs.

Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us,¹ Pompey, with thy sails,
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st
How much we do o'er-count thee.

Pom.

At land, indeed

Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house;²
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,
Remain in't as thou mayst.

Lep.

Be pleased to tell us

(For this is from the present³) how you take
The offers we have sent you.

Cæs.

There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh
What it is worth embraced.

this matter, departed from the truth of history. In *Hamlet*, iii. 2, Polonius says, 'I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol.'

¹ *Fear us.*] Make us afraid. So in *The Merchant of Venice*, ii. 1, 'This aspect of mine hath feared the valiant.'

² *Thou dost o'er-count me, &c.*] This refers to Antony having bought Pompey's house, and refused to pay for it. See Extracts from Plutarch, 4.

³ *From the present.*] Away from our present business; foreign to the present occasion. Shakspeare often employs the preposition *from* in this manner. Thus, in *Twelfth Night*, i. 5, 'This is from my commission;' *Macbeth*, iii. 4, 'To feed were best at home: from thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony;' *K. Lear*, ii. 1, 'Which I best thought it fit to answer from our home;' *Hamlet*, iii. 2, 'Anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing.' See the Editor's *Othello*, p. 11, note 2.

Cæs. And what may follow
To try¹ a larger fortune.

Pom. You have made me offer
Of Sicily, Sardinia;² and I must
Rid all the sea of pirates; then, to send
Measures of wheat to Rome; this 'greed upon,
To part with unhacked edges,³ and bear back
Our targes undinted.

Cæs., Ant., Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then,
I came before you here, a man prepared
To take this offer: but Mark Antony
Put me to some impatience.—Though I lose
The praise of it by telling, you must know,
When Cæsar and your brother were at blows,
Your mother came to Sicily,⁴ and did find
Her welcome friendly.

Ant. I have heard it, Pompey;
And am well studied for a liberal thanks⁵
Which I do owe you.

Pom. Let me have your hand;
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

Ant. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you,

¹ *To try.*] The trying of.

² *You have made, &c.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 21.

³ *This 'greed upon, &c.*] If this offer be accepted by me, we are to part with unhacked swords, &c. The word *edge* for *sword* occurs also in *Coriolanus*, i. 4, 'I'll take him for a Volsce, and he shall feel mine edge;' and v. 5, 'Stain all your edges on me.'

⁴ *Your mother came to Sicily.*] Antony's mother was Julia, of the family of Julius Cæsar. See Extracts from Plutarch, 20.

⁵ *Well studied, &c.*] This means that Antony had reflected much on the obligation. To be well studied in a part is stage language.

That called me, timelier than my purpose, hither ;
For I have gained by 't.

Cæs. Since I saw you last,
There is a change upon you.

Pom. Well, I know not
What counts harsh Fortune casts upon my face ;
But in my bosom shall she never come,
To make my heart her vassal.

Lep. Well met here.

Pom. I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed ;
I crave our composition¹ may be written,
And sealed between us.

Cæs. That's the next to do.

Pom. We'll feast each other ere we part ; and let's
Draw lots who shall begin.

Ant. That will I, Pompey.

Pom. No, Antony, take the lot : but, first or last,
Your fine Egyptian cookery shall have
The fame. I have heard that Julius Cæsar
Grew fat with feasting there.

Ant. You have heard much.²

Pom. I have fair meanings, sir.

Ant. And fair words to them.

Pom. Then so much have I heard :—
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that :—he did so.

Pom. What, I pray you ?

Eno. A certain queen to Cæsar in a mattress.³

¹ *Our composition.*] That our covenant.

² *Much.*] More than enough ; too much.

³ *A certain queen, &c.*] In the Julius Cæsar of North's Plutarch it is related that Cleopatra 'having no other means to come into the court without being known, she laid herself down upon a mattress or

Pom. I know thee now : how far'st thou, soldier ?

Eno. Well ;

And well am like to do ; for I perceive
Four feasts are toward.

Pom. Let me shake thy hand ;
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir,
I never loved you much ; but I have praised ye,
When you have well deserved ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pom. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all :
Will you lead, lords ?

Cæs., Ant., Lep. Show us the way, sir.

Pom. Come.

[*Exeunt all except MENAS and ENOBARBUS.*]

Men. [*Aside.*] Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have
made this treaty.—You and I have known,¹ sir.

Eno. At sea, I think.

Men. We have, sir.

Eno. You have done well by water.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. I will praise any man that will praise me ; though
it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

Men. Nor what I have done by water.

flock-bed which Apollodorus her friend tied and bound up together
like a bundle with a great leather thong, and so took her upon his
back and brought her thus hampered in this fardel unto Cæsar
in at the castle gate.'

¹ *Have known.*] Have been acquainted with each other. Com-
pare *K. Henry VIII.*, i. 1, 'How have you done, since last we saw
[each other] in France ?'

Eno. Yes, something you can deny for your own safety ; you have been a great thief by sea.

Men. And you by land.

Eno. There I deny my land service. But give me your hand, Menas : if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

Men. All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

Eno. But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

Men. No slander ; they steal hearts.

Eno. We came hither to fight with you.

Men. For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking. Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure he cannot weep 't back again.

Men. You've said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here. Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra ?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir ; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray ye, sir ?

Eno. 'Tis true.

Men. Then is Cæsar and he for ever knit together.

Eno. If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophesy so.

Men. I think the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage than the love of the parties.

Eno. I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together will be the very strangler of their amity : Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.¹

Men. Who would not have his wife so ?

Eno. Not he that himself is not so ; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again : then shall

¹ *Conversation.*] Behaviour.

the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection¹ where it is; he married but his occasion² here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir; we have used our throats in Egypt.

Men. Come, let's away. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—*On board Pompey's Galley lying off Misenum.*

A banquet set out, Servants attending. Music.

First Serv. Here they'll be,³ man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already,⁴ the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

Second Serv. Lepidus is high-coloured.

First Serv. They have made him drink alms-drink.⁵

Second Serv. As they pinch one another by the disposition,⁶ he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

First Serv. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

¹ *His affection.*] That which his heart affects or desires.

² *His occasion.*] His convenience.

³ *Here they'll be.*] Here they will remain.

⁴ *Some o' their plants, &c.*] The feet of some them are unsteady now. There is here a punning reference to the sole of the foot as one of the meanings of the word *plant*.

⁵ *Alms-drink.*] Drops of liquor from their glasses.

⁶ *By the disposition.*] It seems difficult to extract a meaning from this expression. Staunton suggests 'by the disputation,' that is, *in the controversy*.

Second Serv. Why this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partisan¹ I could not heave.

First Serv. To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in 't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

Sennet. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, *with other Captains.*

Ant. [*To CÆSAR.*] Thus do they, sir: they take the flow o' the Nile

By certain scales i' the pyramid;² they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth
Or foison follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lep. You 've strange serpents there.

Ant. Ay, Lepidus.

Lep. Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your muds
by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

Ant. They are so.

Pom. Sit,—and some wine! A health to Lepidus!

Lep. I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

Eno. [*Aside.*] Not till you have slept; I fear me you'll be in till then.

Lep. Nay, certainly, I have heard the Ptolemies' pyramids are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

¹ *A partisan.*] A kind of halberd.

² *They take the flow o' the Nile, &c.*] Shakspeare probably got his information on this subject from Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Pompey, a word.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Say in mine ear: what is 't?

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,
And hear me speak a word.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Forbear me till anon.—
This wine for Lepidus!

Lep. What manner o' thing is your crocodile?

Ant. It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

Lep. What colour is it of?

Ant. Of its own colour too.

Lep. 'T is a strange serpent.

Ant. 'T is so. And the tears of it¹ are wet.

Cæs. [*Aside to Ant.*] Will this description satisfy him?

Ant. [*Aside to Cæs.*] With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] Go hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I called for?

Men. [*Aside to Pom.*] If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,
Rise from thy stool.

Pom. [*Aside to Men.*] I think thou'rt mad. The matter? [*Rises, and walks aside.*]

Men. I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

Pom. Thou has served me with much faith. What's else to say?—

Be jolly, lords.

¹ *The tears of it.* Crocodiles' tears is a proverbial expression.

Ant. These quicksands, Lepidus,
Keep off them, for you sink.

Men. Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

Pom. What say'st thou?

Men. Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's twice.

Pom. How should that be?

Men. But entertain it,¹

And, though thou think me poor, I am the man
Will give thee all the world.

Pom. Hast thou drunk well?

Men. No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:
Whate'er the ocean pales,² or sky inclips,³
Is thine, if thou wilt ha't.

Pom. Show me which way

Men. These three world-sharers, these competitors,⁴
Are in thy vessel: let me cut the cable;
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats;
All there is thine.

Pom. Ah, this thou shouldst have done,
And not have spoke on't! In me 't is villany:
In thee 't had been good service. Thou must know,
'T is not my profit that does lead mine honour:
Mine honour, it. Repent that e'er thy tongue
Hath so betrayed thine act: being done unknown,⁵
I should have found it⁶ afterwards well done;
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

¹ *But entertain it.*] Only give reception to the thought. See Extracts from Plutarch, 22.

² *Pales.*] Bounds.

³ *Inclips.*] Embraces.

⁴ *Competitors.*] Associates; partners.

⁵ *Being done unknown.*] If it had been done unknown to me.

⁶ *Found it.*] Judged it.

Men. [*Aside.*] For this, I'll never follow thy palled fortunes more.—

Who seeks, and will not take when once 't is offered,
Shall never find it more.

Pom. This health to Lepidus!

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eno. Here 's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome!

Pom. Fill till the cup be hid.

Eno. There 's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off* LEPIDUS.

Men. Why?

Eno. 'A bears¹ the third part of the world, man; see'st not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all,
That it might go on wheels!

Eno. Drink thou; increase the reels.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels,² ho!—
Here is to Cæsar.

Cæs. I could well forbear 't.
It's monstrous labour when I wash my brain
And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.³

Cæs. Possess it, I'll make answer:⁴

¹ 'A bears.] He bears. 'A for *he* is familiar to the readers of our old dramatists.

² Strike the vessels.] To *strike* here means to tap a cask.

³ Be a child o' the time.] Accommodate yourself to the occasion.

⁴ Possess it, &c.] The meaning here intended must be—*Propose the toast: I will respond.* But the phrase *possess it*, if it be genuine, sounds strangely in this situation. To *possess* often signified to inform or acquaint; and *possess us*, that is, *possess us of it*, or *give it out*, may perhaps be the right reading. In *Twelfth Night*, ii. 3, Sir Toby says, 'Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him!'

But I had rather fast from all ¹ four days,
Than drink so much in one.

Eno. [*To ANTONY.*] Ha, my brave emperor!
Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals,
And celebrate our drink?

Pom. Let's ha't, good soldie.

Ant. Come, let us all take hands,
Till that the conquering wine hath steeped our sense
In soft and delicate Lethe.

Eno. All take hands.—
Make battery to our ears with the loud music:—
The while I'll place you: then the boy shall sing
The holding² every man shall bear as loud
As his strong sides can volley.

[*Music plays.* ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.]

SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne! ³
In thy vats our cares be drowned;
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned;*

All. { *Cup us, till the world go round;
Cup us, till the world go round!*

Cæs. What would you more?—Pompey, good night.—
Good brother,
Let me request you off: our graver business
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;
You see we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarb
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue

¹ *Fast from all.*] Abstain entirely.

² *The holding.*] The refrain or burden of the song.

³ *Pink eyne.*] Small eyes.

Splits what it speaks : the wild disguise hath almost
Anticked us all. What needs more words? Good
night.—

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir : give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony, you have my father's house,—
But what? we are friends : Come down into the boat.

Eno. Take heed you fall not.—

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, and Attendants.*

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell

To these great fellows : sound and be hanged ! sound
out !

[*A flourish of trumpets, with drums.*

Eno. Ho ! says 'a.—There's my cap.

Men. Ho !—noble captain, come. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Plain in Syria.*

Enter VENTIDIUS in triumph, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers and Soldiers: the dead body of PACORUS borne before him.

Ven. Now, darting Parthia,¹ art thou struck; and now
Pleased fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death
Make me revenger.²—Bear the king's son's body
Before our army.—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

Sil. Noble Ventidius,
Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,
The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,
Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither
The routed fly; so thy grand captain, Antony,
Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and
Put garlands on thy head.

Ven. O, Silius, Silius!
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,
May make too great an act;³ for learn this, Silius,—

¹ *Darting Parthia.*] The Parthian horsemen were very expert bowmen.

² *And now pleased fortune, &c.*] See Extracts from Plutarch, 24.

³ *A lower place, &c.*] An inferior officer may perform a deed of too great merit. See Extracts from Plutarch, 24.

Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame when him we serve 's away.
Cæsar and Antony have ever won
More in their officer than person : ¹ Sossius,
One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,
For quick accumulation of renown,
Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour.
Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,
Becomes his captain's captain ; and ambition,
The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,
Than gain which darkens him.
I could do more to do Antonius good,
But 't would offend him : and in his offence
Should my performance perish.

Sil. Thou hast, Ventidius, that
Without the which a soldier, and his sword,
Grants scarce distinction.² Thou wilt write to Antony ?

Ven. I'll humbly signify what in his name,
That magical word of war, we have effected ;
How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,
The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia
We have jaded out o' the field.

Sil. Where is he now ?

Ven. He purposeth to Athens : whither with what
haste

The weight we must convey with's will permit,
We shall appear before him.—On there ! pass along !

[*Exeunt.*

¹ *Cæsar and Antony, &c.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 25.

² *Thou hast, Ventidius, that, &c.*] Ventidius, thou hast that discretion without which a soldier and his senseless sword scarcely presents, or admits, any distinction.

SCENE II.—Rome. *An Ante-Chamber in Cæsar's House.*

Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.

Agr. What, are the brothers parted?

Eno. They have despatched¹ with Pompey, he is gone;

The other three are sealing.² Octavia weeps
To part from Rome; Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled
With the green sickness.

Agr. 'T is a noble Lepidus.

Eno. A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

Agr. Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

Eno. Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.³

Agr. What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

Eno. Spake you of Cæsar? Ho! the nonpareil!

Agr. O, Antony! O, thou Arabian bird!⁴

Eno. Would you praise Cæsar, say,—*Cæsar*;—go no further.

Agr. Indeed, he plied them both with excellent praises.

Eno. But he loves Cæsar best;—yet he loves Antony:
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number,—ho!—
His love to Antony. But as for Cæsar,
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder!

Agr. Both he loves.

¹ *Despatched.*] Transacted; concluded.

² *The other three are sealing.*] Cæsar, Antony, and Lepidus are sealing the composition or covenant.

³ *The Jupiter of men.*] The dialogue here is meant to ridicule what Lepidus had said at the feast.

⁴ *Arabian bird.*] The phoenix is meant. See the Editor's *Tempest*, p. 62, note 2.

Eno. They are his shards,¹ and he their beetle. So,—

[*Trumpets.*

This² is to horse.—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

[*AGRIP. and ENOB. retire.*

Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.

Ant. No further, sir.

Cæs. You take from me a great part of myself;
Use me well in't.—Sister, prove such a wife
As my thoughts make thee, and as my farthest band³
Shall pass on thy approof.—Most noble Antony,
Let not the piece of virtue which is set
Betwixt us as the cement of our love,
To keep it builded, be the ram to batter
The fortress of it: for better might we
Have loved without this mean,⁴ if on both parts
This be not cherished.

Ant. Make me not offended
In your distrust.

Cæs. I have said.

Ant. You shall not find,
Though you be therein curious,⁵ the least cause
For what you seem to fear: so, the gods keep you,
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!
We will here part.

¹ *His shards.*] The scaly wings that support him. In *Macbeth*, iii. 2, we have the expression 'the shard-borne beetle.'

² *This.*] This trumpet summons.

³ *My farthest band.*] My fullest bond or guarantee. The word *band* was often used for *bond*. So in *K. Richard II.*, i. 1, 'According to thy oath and band.'

⁴ *For better might we, &c.*] For we might have been better friends without this matrimonial alliance.

⁵ *Curious.*] Very particular or scrupulous.

Cæs. Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well.
The elements be kind to thee,¹ and make
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

Octa. My noble brother!—

Ant. The April's in her eyes: it is love's spring,
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

Octa. Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

Cæs. What
Octavia?

Octa. I'll tell you in your ear.

Ant. Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can
Her heart inform her tongue,—the swan's down-feather,
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
And neither way inclines.

Eno. [*Aside to AGR.*] Will Cæsar weep?

Agr. [*Aside to ENO.*] He has a cloud in's face.

Eno. [*Aside to AGR.*] He were the worse for that, were
he a horse;²

So is he, being a man.

Agr. [*Aside to ENO.*] Why, Enobarbus?
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,
He cried almost to roaring; and he wept,
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

Eno. [*Aside to AGR.*] That year, indeed, he was
troubled with a rheum;³
What willingly he did confound⁴ he wailed,
Believe't, till I wept too.

¹ *The elements, &c.*] May the elements of thy constitution be happily blended. This interpretation is in accordance with Dr. Johnson's, which is vindicated by Staunton. See the Editor's *Julius Cæsar*, p. 136, note 3.

² *He were the worse, &c.*] A horse with a disfiguring spot between the eyes was said to have a cloud in his face.

³ *A rheum.*] A watering of the eyes.

⁴ *Confound.*] Overthrow.

Cæs. No, sweet Octavia,
You shall hear from me still; ¹ the time shall not
Out-go my thinking on you.

Ant. Come, sir, come;
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:
Look, here I have you;—thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cæs. Adieu; be happy!

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cæs. Farewell, farewell! [*Kisses OCTAVIA.*

Ant. Farewell!
[*Trumpets sound. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is the fellow?

Alex. Half afeard to come.

Cleo. Go to, go to:—

Enter a Messenger.

Come hither, sir.

Alex. Good majesty,

Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,
But when you are well pleased.

Cleo. That Herod's head
I'll have: but how, when Antony is gone
Through whom I might command it?—Come thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—

Cleo. Didst thou behold Octavia?

¹ *Still.] Constantly.*

Mess. Ay, dread queen.

Cleo. Where?

Mess. Madam, in Rome;

I looked her in the face, and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

Cleo. Is she as tall as me?

Mess.

She is not, madam.

Cleo. Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongued or
low?

Mess. Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.

Cleo. That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O, Isis! 't is impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue and dwarf-
ish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

Mess.

She creeps,—

Her motion and her station ¹ are as one:

She shows a body rather than a life;

A statue than a breather.

Cleo.

Is this certain?

Mess. Or I have no observance.²

Char.

Three in Egypt

Cannot make better note.

Cleo.

He's very knowing;

I do perceive 't:—there's nothing in her yet:—

The fellow has good judgment.

Char.

Excellent.

Cleo. Guess at her years, I pr'ythee.

Mess.

Madam,

She was a widow,—

Cleo.

Widow!—Charmian, hark.

¹ *Her motion and her station.*] Her walking and her standing.

² *Observance.*] Observation.

Mess. And I do think she's thirty.

Cleo. Bear'st thou her face in mind? is't long or round?

Mess. Round even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that are
so.—

Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam: and her forehead
As low as she would wish it.¹

Cleo. There's gold for thee.

Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—

I will employ thee back again; I find thee

Most fit for business: go, make thee ready;

Our letters are prepared. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I repent me much
That so I harried him. Why, methinks, by him,²

This creature's no such thing.³

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should
know.

Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,⁴
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Char-
mian:

But't is no matter; thou shalt bring him to me

Where I will write. All may be well enough.

Char. I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ *As low as she would wish it.*] This is said satirically.

² *By him.*] From what he says.

³ *Is no such thing.*] Is not much of a thing; is a paltry enough thing.

⁴ *Defend.*] Forbid. So in *K. Richard II.*, i. 3, 'Which heaven defend a knight should violate.'

SCENE IV.—Athens. *A Room in Antony's House.**Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.*

Ant. Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—
 That were excusable, that and thousands more
 Of semblable¹ import,—but he hath waged
 New wars 'gainst Pompey ; made his will, and read it
 To public ear :
 Spoke scanty of me : When perforce he could not
 But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly
 He vented² them : most narrow measure lent me :
 When the best hint³ was given him, he not took 't,⁴
 Or did it from his teeth.⁵

Octa. O, my good lord,
 Believe not all ; or if you must believe,
 Stomach not⁶ all. A more unhappy lady,
 If this division chance, ne'er stood between,
 Praying for both parts :⁷

¹ *Semblable.*] A French word signifying *similar*.

² *Vented.*] Uttered.

³ *Hint.*] Occasion.

⁴ *Not took 't.*] The old reading is *look'd*.

⁵ *From his teeth.*] The phrases *from the teeth outward* and *from the teeth forward* are still used in the north to describe what is spoken without serious intent.

⁶ *Stomach not.*] Resent not.

⁷ *A more unhappy lady, &c.*] See Extracts from Plutarch, 26. Compare what the mother of Coriolanus says to him :—

‘ Thou barrest us
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
 That all but we enjoy : For how can we—
 Alas ! how can we for our country pray,
 Whereto we are bound ? together with thy victory
 Whereto we are bound ? ’ &c. *Coriolanus*, v. 3.

The good gods will mock me presently,
 When I shall pray, *O, bless my lord and husband!*
 Undo that prayer by crying out as loud,
O, bless my brother! Husband win, win brother,
 Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
 'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentle Octavia,
 Let your best love draw to that point which seeks
 Best to preserve it: if I lose mine honour,
 I lose myself: better I were not yours,
 Than yours so branchless.¹ But, as you requested,
 Yourself shall go between's: the mean time, lady,
 I'll raise the preparation of a war
 Shall stain² your brother: make your soonest haste,³
 So your desires are yours.

Octa. Thanks to my lord.
 The Jove of power make me, most weak, most weak,
 Your reconciler! Wars 'twixt you twain would be
 As if the world should cleave, and that slain men
 Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,
 Turn your displeasure that way; for our faults
 Can never be so equal, that your love
 Can equally move with them. Provide your going;
 Choose your own company, and command what cost
 Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*

¹ *So branchless.*] That is, thus like a branchless tree, through the loss of honour.

² *Shall stain.*] More probably, as Boswell suggested, Shakspeare wrote *shall stay*, that is, shall await. If *stain* be the true reading, its meaning here is, *cast discredit upon*.

³ *Make your soonest haste, &c.*] Return as quickly as you can, if so be that your desires are granted.

SCENE V.—*The same. Another Room in the same.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.

Eno. How now, friend Eros!

Eros. There's strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?¹

Eros. Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry;² would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal³ seizes him: so the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

Eno. Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more; And throw between them all the food thou hast, They'll grind the one the other.—Where's Antony?

Eros. He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool Lepidus!* And threatens the throat of that his officer⁴ That murdered Pompey.

Eno. Our great navy's rigged.

Eros. For Italy and Cæsar. More, Domitius;

¹ *The success.*] The issue; the result.

² *Rivalry.*] Partnership. The word *rival* often denoted *partner*; as in *Hamlet*, i. 1, 'The rivals of my watch.' In the present play, ii. 7, the word *competitors* is used in the sense of partners. See Extracts from Plutarch, 29.

³ *Upon his own appeal.*] Upon his own accusation. So in *K. Richard II.*, i. 1, 'Here to make good the boisterous late appeal—against the duke of Norfolk.'

⁴ *Of that his officer.*] Of that officer of his. See p. 43, note 1.

My lord desires you presently : my news
I might have told hereafter.

Eno. 'T will be naught ;
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

Eros. Come, sir. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE VI.—Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.

Cæs. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and
more ;
In Alexandria—here's the manner of 't,¹—
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silvered,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthroned : at the feet sat
Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son,
And all the unlawful issue that their lust
Since then hath made between them. Unto her
He gave the stablishment of Egypt ; made her
Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,
Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye ?

Cæs. I' the common show-place, where they exercise.
His sons he there proclaimed the kings of kings :
Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,
He gave to Alexander ; to Ptolemy he assigned
Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She
In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appeared ; and oft before gave audience
(As 't is reported) so.²

Mec. Let Rome be thus informed.

¹ *Here's the manner of 't.]* See Extracts from Plutarch, 28.

² *So.]* Gave audience so.

Agr. Who, queasy with his insolence already,
Will their good thoughts call from him.

Cæs. The people know it; and have now received
His accusations.

Agr. Who does he accuse?

Cæs. Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily
Sextus Pompeius spoiled, we had not rated him
His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me
Some shipping unrestored: lastly, he frets
That Lepidus of the triumvirate
Should be deposed; and, being,¹ that we detain
All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answered.

Cæs. 'T is done already, and the messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;
That he his high authority abused,
And did deserve his change; for what I have conquered,
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,
And other of his conquered kingdoms, I
Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.

Cæs. Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.

Enter OCTAVIA, with her Train.

Octa. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

Cæs. That ever I should call thee cast-away!

Octa. You have not called me so, nor have you cause.

Cæs. Why have you stolen upon us thus? You come
not

Like Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,

¹ *Being.*] On his being deposed. See Extracts from Plutarch, 2.

Long ere she did appear ; the trees by the way
Should have borne men ;¹ and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not : nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,
Raised by your populous troops : but you are come
A market-maid to Rome ; and have prevented
The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown,
Is often left unloved :² we should have met you
By sea and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

Octa. Good my lord,
To come thus was I not constrained, but did it
On my free-will. My lord Mark Antony,
Hearing that you prepared for war, acquainted
My grieved ear withal ; whereon I begged
His pardon for return.

Cæs. Which soon he granted,
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

Octa. Do not say so, my lord.

Cæs. I have my eyes upon him,
And his affairs come to me on the wind.
Where is he now ?

Octa. My lord, in Athens.

Cæs. No, my most wronged sister ; Cleopatra
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire
Up to a whore ; who now are levying
The kings o' the earth for war :³ he hath assembled
Bocchus, the king of Libya ; Archelaus,
Of Cappadocia ; Philadelphos, king

¹ *Should have borne men.*] Should have borne men like fruit on their boughs.

² *Which left unshown, &c.*] And *that being left unshown* often implies *left unloved*.

³ *Levying the kings, &c.*] See Extracts from Plutarch, 31.

Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas;
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amyntas,
The kings of Mede and Lycaonia,
With a more larger list of sceptres.

Octa. Ay me,¹ most wretched,
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,
That do afflict each other!

Cæs. Welcome hither:
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;
Till we perceived both how you were wronged,
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives
O'er your content² these strong necessities;
But let determined things to destiny
Hold unbewailed their way. Welcome to Rome!
Nothing more dear to me. You are abused
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,
To do you justice, make them³ ministers
Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort;
And ever welcome to us!

Agr. Welcome, lady!

Mec. Welcome, dear madam!
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:
Only the adulterous Antony, most large
In his abominations, turns you off
And gives his potent regiment⁴ to a trull,
That noises it against us.

Octa. Is it so, sir?

¹ *Ay me.*] Ah me!

² *Drives o'er your content.*] Obliges you to bear.

³ *Make them.*] Make for themselves.

⁴ *Regiment.*] Regulation; rule.

Cæs. Most certain. Sister, welcome : pray you,
Be ever known to patience. My dear'st sister !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Antony's Camp near the Promontory
of Actium.*

Enter CLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.

Cleo. I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

Eno. But, why, why, why ?

Cleo. Thou hast forspoke¹ my being in these wars ;
And say'st, it is not fit.

Eno. Well, is it, is it ?

Cleo. If not denounced against us,² why should not we
Be there in person ?

Eno. [*Aside.*] Well, I could reply :—
If we should serve with horse and mares together,
The horse were merely³ lost.

Cleo. What is 't you say ?

Eno. Your presence needs must puzzle⁴ Antony ;
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from 's time,
What should not then be spared. He is already
Traduced for levity : and 't is said in Rome,
That Photinus an eunuch and your maids
Manage this war.

Cleo. Sink Rome ! and their tongues rot
That speak against us ! A charge we bear i' the war,
And, as the president of my kingdom, will

¹ *Forspoke.*] Spoken against ; forbidden.

² *If not denounced against us.*] Perhaps Shakspeare wrote, as Staunton well suggests, 'If not, denounce 't against us why,' &c. that is, if it be not fit, declare in reply to us why, &c.

³ *Merely.*] Absolutely.

⁴ *Puzzle.*] Distract.

Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;
I will not stay behind.

Eno. Nay, I have done.
Here comes the emperor.

Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.

Ant. Is it not strange, Canidius,
That from Tarentum and Brundusium,
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And take in¹ Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?

Cleo. Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.

Ant. A good rebuke,
Which might have well becomeed the best of men,
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we
Will fight with him by sea.

Cleo. By sea! what else?

Can. Why will my lord do so?

Ant. For that he dares us to't.

Eno. So hath my lord dared him to single fight.

Can. Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: but these offers,
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;
And so should you.

Eno. Your ships are not well manned,—
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people
Ingrossed by swift impress;² in Cæsar's fleet
Are those that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:
Their ships are yare,³ yours heavy. No disgrace
Should fall you⁴ for refusing him at sea,
Being prepared for land.

¹ *Take in.*] Take; subdue. See Extracts from Plutarch, 32.

² *Ingrossed by swift impress.*] Levied in great haste.

³ *Yare.*] Easy of steerage; nimble.

⁴ *Fall you.*] Befall you.

Ant. By sea, by sea.

Eno. Most worthy sir, you therein throw away
The absolute soldiership you have by land;
Distract your army, which doth most consist
Of war-marked footmen;¹ leave unexecuted
Your own renowned knowledge: quite forego
The way which promises assurance; and
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,
From firm security.

Ant. I'll fight at sea.

Cleo. I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

Ant. Our overplus of shipping will we burn;
And, with the rest full-manned, from the head of Actium
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,
We then can do 't at land.—

Enter a Messenger.

Thy business?

Mess. The news is true, my lord; he is descried;
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

Ant. Can he be there in person? 't is impossible;
Strange that his power² should be.—Canidius,
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,
And our twelve thousand horse.—We'll to our ship.
Away, my Thetis!³—

Enter a Soldier.

How now, worthy soldier!

Sold. O, noble emperor, do not fight by sea;⁴

¹ *War-marked footmen.*] War-tested infantry.

² *His power.*] His forces.

³ *Thetis.*] Goddess of the sea.

⁴ *O noble emperor, &c.*] See Extracts from Plutarch, 35.

Trust not to rotten planks : do you misdoubt
This sword and these my wounds ? Let the Egyptians
And the Phœnicians go a-ducking ; we
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,
And fighting foot to foot.

Ant. Well, well, away !

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBAR'US

Sold. By Hercules, I think I am i' the right.

Can. Soldier, thou art : but his whole action grows
Not in the power on 't :¹ so our leader 's led,
And we are women's men.

Sold. You keep by land
The legions and the horse whole, do you not ?

Can. Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justei-
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea :²
But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's
Carries beyond belief.

Sold. While he was yet in Rome,
His power went out in such distractions³ as
Beguiled all spies.

Can. Who 's his lieutenant, hear you ?

Sold. They say, one Taurus.

Can. Well I know the man.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The emperor calls Canidius.

Can. With news the time 's with labour,⁴ and throes
forth,
Each minute, some. [*Exeunt.*

¹ *His whole action, &c.*] No part of his conduct proceeds from the force of his own mind.

² *Marcus Octavius, &c.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 36.

³ *Distractions.*] Detachments.

⁴ *With labour.*] In labour.

SCENE VIII.—*A Plain near Actium.**Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.**Cæs.* Taurus,—*Taur.* My lord.

Cæs. Strike not by land; keep whole;
 Provoke not battle till we have done at sea.
 Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll:
 Our fortune lies upon this jump.¹ [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*Another Part of the Plain.**Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

Ant. Set we our squadrons on yond side o' the hill,
 In eye of Cæsar's battle;² from which place
 We may the number of the ships behold,
 And so proceed accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*Another Part of the Plain.*

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his land Army one way
 over the stage; and TAURUS, the Lieutenant of CÆSAR,
 the other way. After their going out, is heard the
 noise of a sea-fight.*

Alarum. Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no
 longer:

The Antoniad,³ the Egyptian admiral,

¹ *This jump.*] This juncture or hazard.

² *Battle.*] Army. 'Octavius, lead your battle softly on.' *Julius Cæsar*, v. 1.

³ *The Antoniad.*] Cleopatra's ship. See p. 117, note 2, and Extracts from Plutarch, 37.

With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder :
To see 't, mine eyes are blasted.

Enter SCARUS.

Scar. Gods and goddesses,
All the whole synod of them !

Eno. What's thy passion ?

Scar. The greater cantle¹ of the world is lost
With very ignorance ; we have kissed away
Kingdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight ?

Scar. On our side like the tokened pestilence,²
Where death is sure. Yon ribaudred³ nag of Egypt, —
Whom leprosy o'ertake !—i' the midst o' the fight,
When vantage like a pair of twins⁴ appeared,
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder,⁵—
The brize⁶ upon her, like a cow in June !—
Hoists sails, and flies !

Eno. That I beheld :
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight, and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loofed,⁷
The noble ruin of her magic, Antony,

¹ *Cantle.*] Portion or division. Old French, *chantel*. 'A monstrous cantle out.' 1 *K. Henry IV.*, iii. 1.

² *The tokened pestilence.*] Small dark spots on persons seized with the plague were called *tokens*, that is, forewarnings of certain death.

'He is so plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry *No recovery*.'—*Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3.

³ *Ribaudred.*] Ribaldrous ; lecherous.

⁴ *Like a pair of twins.*] Equal on both sides.

⁵ *The elder.*] Earlier than Cæsar's.

⁶ *The brize.*] A stinging fly ; the gadfly.

⁷ *Loofed.*] Gone aloof ; gone off.

Claps on his sea-wing, and, like a doting mallard,¹
 Leaving the fight in height, flies after her
 I never saw an action of such shame;
 Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before
 Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANIDIUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
 And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
 Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
 O, he has given example for our flight,
 Most grossly, by his own!

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts?²
 Why then, good night, indeed.

Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

Scar. 'T is easy to 't; and there I will attend³
 What further comes.

Can. To Cæsar will I render
 My legions and my horse:⁴ six kings already
 Show me the way of yielding.

Eno. I'll yet follow
 The wounded chance of Antony, though my reason
 Sits in the wind against me. [*Exeunt*

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY and Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon 't,—
 It is ashamed to bear me!—Friends, come hither:

¹ *Mallard.*] The wild duck is so called.

² *Thereabouts.*] Come to that.

³ *Attend.*] Go and await.

⁴ *To Cæsar, &c.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 39.

I am so lated¹ in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever :—I have a ship
Laden with gold ;² take that, divide it ; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

All.

Fly ! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself ; and have instructed cowards
To run and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone ;
I have myself resolved upon a course,
Which has no need of you ; be gone :
My treasure 's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I followed that I blush to look upon !
My very hairs do mutiny, for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone ; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness : take the hint³
Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left
Which leaves itself : to the sea-side straightway :
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little : pray you now :—
Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore I pray you :⁴—I'll see you by and by
[*Sits down.*]

Enter CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN and IRAS, EROS following.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him,—comfort him.

Irás. Do, most dear queen.

¹ *Lated.*] Belated ; benighted.

² *I have a ship, &c.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 38.

³ *Take the hint.*] Embrace the occasion or opportunity.

⁴ *I have lost command, &c.*] I have given up the right to *command* you, and therefore now *entreat* you.

Char. Do ! why, what else ?

Cleo. Let me sit down. O, Juno !

Ant. No, no, no, no, no !

Eros. See you here, sir ?

Ant. O fie, fie, fie !

Char. Madam,—

Iras. Madam ; O, good empress !—

Eros. Sir, sir,—

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes :¹—he, at Philippi, kept
His sword e'en like a dancer,² while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 't was I
That the mad Brutus ended : he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry,³ and no practice had
In the brave squares of war : yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah ! stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen !

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him ;
He is unqualitied with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—sustain me :—O !

Eros. Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches ;
Her head 's declined, and death will seize her, but ⁴
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation,—
A most unnoble swerving.

Eros. Sir, the queen.

Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ? See,

¹ *Yes, my lord, yes.*] The title 'my lord' is here an expression of ironical impatience in answer to 'Sir, sir.'

² *Like a dancer.*] As a dancer does ; as a thing of fashion. At dancing assemblies in Shakspeare's time a light rapier or dress-sword was worn by gentlemen. 'And no sword worn but one to dance with.'—*All's Well that Ends Well*, ii. 1.

³ *He alone, &c.*] He acted by lieutenants only.

⁴ *But.*] But that ; unless.

How I convey my shame out of thine eyes
By looking back ¹ what I have left behind
'Stroyed in dishonour.

Cleo. O, my lord, my lord !
Forgive my fearful sails ! I little thought
You would have followed.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after : o'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon !

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter ² in the shifts of lowness ; who
With half the bulk o' the world played as I pleased,
Making and marring fortunes. You did know
How much you were my conqueror ; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.

Cleo. Pardon, pardon !

Ant. Fall not ³ a tear, I say ; one of them rates ⁴
All that is won and lost. Give me a kiss ;—
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,

¹ *How I convey, &c.*] How I steal away my shame from your sight, by looking away from you. One of the meanings of the verb *to convey* was to convey away stealthily or by slight of hand. See the Editor's *As You Like it*, p. 96, note 1.

² *Palter.*] Deceitfully trifle. So in *Macbeth*, v. 8,—
'And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense.'

³ *Fall not.*] Drop not. So in *K. Richard II.*, iii. 4, 'Here did she fall a tear.'

⁴ *Rates.*] Is worth.

Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead.—
Some wine, within there, and our viands!—Fortune
knows

We scorn her most when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XII.—Cæsar's *Camp in Egypt.*

Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Cæs. Let him appear that's come from Antony.—
Know you him?

Dol. Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster:¹
An argument that he is plucked, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by.

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Cæs. Approach, and speak.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
I was of late as petty to his ends,²
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To his grand sea.³

Cæs. Be't so:—declare thine office.

Eup. Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt: which not granted,
He lessens his requests; and to thee sues
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth
A private man in Athens: this for him.
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness;
Submits her to thy might; and of thee craves

¹ *His schoolmaster.*] See Extracts from Plutarch, 41.

² *Petty to his ends.*] Insignificant in relation to his designs.

³ *His grand sea.*] *His* for *its*: the great ocean from which it
rose.

The circle ¹ of the Ptolemies for her heirs,
Now hazarded to thy grace.²

Cæs. For Antony,
I have no ears to his request. The queen
Of audience nor desire shall fail, so ³ she
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,
Or take his life there ; this if she perform,
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.⁴

Eup. Fortune pursue thee !

Cæs. Bring him through the bands.
[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*

[*To THYREUS.*] To try thy eloquence, now 't is time : ⁵ de-
spatch !

From Antony win Cleopatra : promise,
And in our name, what she requires ; add more,
From thine invention, offers : women are not
In their best fortunes strong ; but want will perjure
The ne'er-touched vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus,
Make thy own edict for thy pains,⁶ which we
Will answer as a law.

Thyr. Cæsar, I go.

Cæs. Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,⁷

¹ *The circle.*] The diadem ; the 'golden round,' as Lady Macbeth calls it. *Macbeth*, i. 5.

² *Hazarded to thy grace.*] Submitted to thy disposal.

³ *Of audience, &c.*] Shall not fail of being heard, nor of obtaining her requests, provided, &c.

⁴ *So to them both.*] Report so to them both.

⁵ *To try thy eloquence, &c.*] See Extracts from Plutarch, 42.

⁶ *Make thine own edict, &c.*] Dictate what is to be the reward of your trouble.

⁷ *Becomes his flaw.*] Demeans himself in the sudden dissolution of his fortune. 'France hath flawed the league.'—*K. Henry VIII.*, i. 1. A *flaw* was a gust of wind supposed to be occasioned by the dissolving of congealed vapours. See the Editor's *Macbeth*, p. 62, note 2.

And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.¹

Thyr.

Cæsar, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIII.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno.

Think, and die.²

Cleo. Is Antony or we in fault for this?

Eno. Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other? why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nicked³ his captainship; at such a point,
When half to half the world opposed, he being
The mered question,⁴ 't was a shame no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

Cleo.

Prithee, peace.

Enter ANTONY with EUPHRONIUS.

Ant. Is that his answer?

Eup.

Ay, my lord.

¹ *In every power, &c.]* In every bodily power that you see actuated or exerted.

² *Think and die.]* Not do anything, but mope and die. So in *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1, 'All that he can do is to himself,—take thought and die for Cæsar.'

³ *Nicked.]* Got the better of.

⁴ *The mered question.]* We cannot reconcile ourselves to *mercd*, nor yet to *mooted*, which was Dr. Johnson's suggestion. Perhaps *mere*, as a dissyllable, is the right word. 'The mere question' means the whole of the question at issue.

Ant. The queen shall, then, have courtesy, so she
Will¹ yield us up.

Eup. He says so.

Ant. Let her know 't.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizzled head,
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim
With principalities.

Cleo. That head, my lord?

Ant. To him again: tell him, he wears the rose
Of youth upon him; from which the world should note
Something particular:² his coin, ships, legions,
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail
Under the service of a child as soon
As i' the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And answer me declined, sword against sword,
Ourselves alone.³ I'll write it; follow me.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]

Eno. [*Aside.*] Yes, like enough high-battled Cæsar⁴
will

Unstate his happiness,⁵ and be staged to the show,
Against a sworder! I see men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.⁶ That he should dream,

¹ *So she will.*] Provided she will.

² *From which the world, &c.*] On which account the world ought to see what individual or personal merit belongs to him.

³ *I dare him therefore, &c.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 44.

⁴ *High-battled Cæsar.*] Cæsar supported by so great an army.

⁵ *Unstate his happiness.*] Lay aside his advantage. So in *K. Lear*, i. 2, 'I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.'

⁶ *Things outward, &c.*] Men's outward circumstances attract the mind to conformity with them, to suffer just in the same way.

Knowing all measures,¹ the full Cæsar will
Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdued
His judgment too.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. A messenger from Cæsar.

Cleo. What, no more ceremony? ²—See, my women!—
Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneeled unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

[Exit Attendant.]

Eno. [*Aside.*] Mine honesty and I begin to square.³
The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith ⁴ mere folly:—yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place ⁵ i' the story.

Enter THYREUS.

Cleo. Cæsar's will?

Thyr. Hear it apart.

Cleo. None but friends; say boldly.

Thyr. So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

Eno. He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has,
Or needs not us.⁶ If Cæsar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,
Whose he is we are; and that is Cæsar's.

Thyr.

So.—

¹ *All measures.*] Cæsar's means or circumstances and his own.

² *No more ceremony?*] Do you come into our presence with so little ceremony?

³ *To square.*] To quarrel.

⁴ *Faith.*] Fidelity.

⁵ *Earns a place.*] Deserves honourable mention.

⁶ *He needs as many, &c.*] Antony now needs as friends to himself all that are friends to Cæsar; otherwise we are of no use to him.

Thus then, thou most renowned : Cæsar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou standest,
Further than he is Cæsar.¹

Cleo. Go on : right royal !

Thyr. He knows that you embrace not Antony
As² you did love, but as you feared him.

Cleo. O !

Thyr. The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

Cleo. He is a god, and knows
What is most right : mine honour was not yielded,
But conquered merely.³

Eno. [*Aside.*] To be sure of that,
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou art so leaky,⁴
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee. [*Exit ENOBARBUS.*]

Thyr. Shall I say to Cæsar
What you require of him ? for he partly begs
To be desired to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon : but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud,
The universal landlord.

Cleo. What's your name ?

Thyr. My name is Thyreus.

Cleo. Most kind messenger,
Say to great Cæsar this :—in disputation⁵

¹ *Further than he is Cæsar.*] Further than he is what he is.

² *As.*] Because.

³ *Merely.*] Absolutely.

⁴ *Sir, sir, &c.*] This apostrophises Antony.

⁵ *In disputation.*] In anything of which he disputes my possession.

I kiss his conquering hand : tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel :
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

Thyr. 'T is your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it. Give me grace to lay
My duty on your hand.¹

Cleo. Your Cæsar's father oft,
When he hath mused of taking kingdoms in,²
Bestowed his lips on that unworthy place,
As ³ it rained kisses.

Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.

Ant. Favours !⁴ by Jove that thunders !—
What art thou, fellow ?

Thyr. One that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man,⁵ and worthiest
To have command obeyed.

Eno. [*Aside to THYR.*] You will be whipped.

Ant. Approach, there !⁶—Ah, you kite !—Now, gods
and devils !

¹ *To lay my duty on your hand.*] To kiss your hand.

² *Taking kingdoms in.*] See p. 4, note 5.

³ *As.*] As though.

⁴ *Favours.*] This refers to Thyreus kissing Cleopatra's hand.
See Extracts from Plutarch, 42.

⁵ *The fullest man.*] The man of fullest fortune, Compare what is previously said in the present scene : 'That he should dream—the full Cæsar will answer his emptiness.' So, in iv. 15, 'The full-fortuned Cæsar;' and in *Othello*, i. 1, 'What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe.'

⁶ *Approach, there.*] This is a summons to servants without.

Authority melts from me : ¹ Of late, when I cried *ho* !
Like boys unto a muss, ² kings would start forth,
And cry, *Your will* ?

Enter Attendants.

Have you no ears ?

I am Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, ³ and whip him.

Eno. [Aside.] 'T is better playing with a lion's whelp
Than with an old one dying.

Ant.

Moon and stars !—

Whip him.—Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,—what's her name,
Since she was Cleopatra ?——Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy : take him hence.

Thyr. Mark Antony,—

Ant.

Tug him away : being whipped,
Bring him again :—this Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—

[Exeunt Attendants, with THYREUS.]

You were half blasted ⁴ ere I knew you :—ha !
Have I my pillow left unpressed in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, ⁵ to be abused
By one that looks on feeders ? ⁶

¹ *Authority melts from me.]* My authority is losing force. This is spoken in impatience for the entrance of the attendants.

² *Like boys unto a muss.]* These words, in construction, come after the remainder of the line. A *muss* is a scramble.

³ *This Jack.]* A Jack was a usual name for a low menial fellow.

⁴ *Half-blasted.]* Half blighted.

⁵ *And by a gem of women.]* The getting of a lawful race by such a gem of women as Octavia.

⁶ *Feeders.]* Servants.

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a boggler ever:—

But when we in our viciousness grow hard,
(O, misery on 't!) the wise gods seel our eyes;¹
In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at's, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O, is't come to this?

Ant. I found you as a morsel cold upon
Dead Cæsar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Pompey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregistered in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously picked out: for, I am sure
Though you can guess what temperance should be,
You know not what it is.

Cleo. Wherefore is this?

Ant. To let a fellow that will take rewards,
And say, *God quit you!*² be familiar with
My playfellow, your hand; this kingly seal,³
And plighter of high hearts!—O, that I were
Upon the hill of Basan,⁴ to outroar
The horned herd! for I have savage cause:
And to proclaim it civilly, were like
A haltered neck which does the hangman thank
For being yare about him.⁵—

¹ *Seel our eyes.*] Blind our minds. The metaphor is taken from falconry. To seel the eyes of a hawk was to sew up the eyelids to make it tame.

² *Quit you.*] Requite you.

³ *This kingly seal.*] The seal means a kiss.

⁴ *The hill of Basan.*] The 'fat bulls of Basan' were here in the poet's mind.

⁵ *Yare about him.*] Active and speedy with him.

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

Is he whipped?

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cried he? and begged he pardon?

1 *Att.* He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipped for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee,
Shake thou to look on 't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look thou say
He makes me angry with him, for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was: he makes me angry;
And at this time most easy 't is to do 't,
When my good stars, that were my former guides,
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires
Into the abysm¹ of hell. If he mislike
My speech and what is done, tell him he has
Hipparchus, my enfranched bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quit me:² urge it thou!
Hence with thy stripes, begone! [*Exit THYREUS.*

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon
Is now eclipsed; and it portends alone
The fall of Antony!

Cleo. I must stay his time.

¹ *Abysm.*] Old French, *Abisme*. 'The dark backward and abysm of time.' *Tempest*, i. 2.

² *To quit me.*] To requite me for whipping you. See Extracts from Plutarch, 42.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?¹

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me!

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source; and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines,² so
Dissolve my life! The next Cæsarion smite!
Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discandying³ of this pelleted⁴ storm,
Lie graveless,—till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them⁵ for prey!

Ant. I am satisfied.
Cæsar sits down⁶ in Alexandria; where
I will oppose his fate.—Our force by land
Hath nobly held:⁷ our severed navy too
Have knit again, and fleet,⁸ threatening most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?⁹—Dost thou hear, lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;
There's hope in 't yet.

¹ *One that ties his points.*] A servant that fastens his dress.
Points are laces.

² *As it determines.*] As the hail-stone dissolves on my breast.
To *determine* is to come to an end.

³ *The discandying.*] To *discandy* is to dissolve.

⁴ *Pelleted.*] Composed of pellets.

⁵ *Buried them.*] Covered them with their swarms.

⁶ *Sits down.*] Encamps as a besieger.

⁷ *Held.*] Held together; kept whole.

⁸ *Fleet.*] Float.

⁹ *Where hast thou been, &c.*] Antony here reproaches his own heart.

Cleo. That 's my brave lord !

Ant. I will be treble-sinewed, hearted, breathed,¹
And fight maliciously :² for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me for jests ; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,
Let 's have one other gaudy³ night : call to me
All my sad captains ; fill our bowls ; once more
Let 's mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birthday :⁴
I had thought to have held it poor ; but, since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we 'll speak to them ; and to-night I 'll
force

The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen :
There 's sap in 't yet. The next time I do fight,
I 'll make Death love me ; for I will contend
Even with his pestilent scythe.⁵

[*Exeunt all except ENOBARBUS.*

Eno. Now he 'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frightened out of fear ; and in that mood
The dove will peck the estridge ; and I see still⁶
A diminution in our captain's brain

¹ *Breathed.*] Exercised ; kept in breath.

² *Fight maliciously.*] Compare *Coriolanus*, iv. 5, ' I will fight against my cankered country with the spleen of all the under fiends.'

³ *Gaudy.*] Festive.

⁴ *It is my birthday.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 42.

⁵ *Contend, &c.*] Vie with him in the havoc he makes when he kills with pestilence.

⁶ *I see still.*] I always see.

Restores his heart : when valour preys on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with.¹ I will seek
Some way to leave him.

[*Exit.*]

¹ *It eats the sword, &c.*] It deprives a man of that judgment without which he cannot fight successfully.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's *Camp* before Alexandria.

Enter CÆSAR, reading a letter; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, and others.

Cæs. He calls me boy ; and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt ; my messenger
He hath whipped with rods ; dares me to personal combat :
Cæsar to Antony :¹—Let the old ruffian know
I have² many other ways to die ; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

Mec. Cæsar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he 's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now
Make boot³ of his distraction :—never anger
Made good guard for itself.

Cæs. Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight :—within our files there are
Of those that served Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in.⁴ See it done :⁵

¹ *Cæsar to Antony.*] Cæsar, in reply to Antony, says.

² *I have.*] Shakspeare should have written 'He hath,' that is, Antony has. The poet here mistook the language of North's Plutarch. See Extracts from Plutarch, 44.

³ *Make boot.*] Make profit ; take advantage.

⁴ *Enough to fetch him in.*] Enough to make him yield. See Extracts from Plutarch, 46.

⁵ *See it done.*] See that 'our best heads know,' &c.

And feast the army; we have store to do 't,
And they have earned the waste. Poor Antony! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,
IRAS, ALEXAS, *and others.*

Ant. He will not fight with me, Domitius.

Eno. No.

Ant. Why should he not?

Eno. He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

Ant. To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight,—Or¹ I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again.—Woot² thou fight well?

Eno. I'll strike, and cry, *Take all.*³

Ant. Well said; come on.—
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night
Be bounteous at our meal.—

Enter Servants.

Give me thy hand,
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;
Thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have served me well,
And kings have been your fellows.

Cleo. [*Aside to* ENO.] What means this?

Eno. [*Aside to* CLEO.] 'T is one of those odd tricks
which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

¹ *Or.*] Either.

² *Woot.*] *Woult* or *woot* was a provincial expression for *wilt*.
Woult weep? *woult* fight? &c. *Hamlet*, v. 1.

³ *I'll strike, &c.*] This is intentionally ambiguous: one of the meanings of *to strike* being to give in.

Ant. And thou art honest too.
I wish I could be made so many men,
And all of you clapped up together in
An Antony, that I might do you service,
So good as you have done.

Servants. The gods forbid !

Ant. Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night :
Scant not¹ my cups ; and make as much of me
As when mine empire was your fellow too,
And suffered my command.

Cleo. [*Aside to ENO.*] What does he mean ?

Eno. [*Aside to CLEO.*] To make his followers weep.

Ant. Tend me to-night ;
May be it is the period of your duty :
Haply you shall not see me more ; or if,
A mangled shadow : perchance to-morrow
You'll serve another master. I look on you
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away ; but, like a master
Married to your good service, stay till death :
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for 't !²

Eno. What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep ;
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed : for shame,
Transform us not to women.

Ant. Ho, ho, ho !³

¹ *Scant not.*] Spare not. See Extracts from Plutarch, 44.

² *The gods yield you for it.*] The gods reward you for it. The expression was usually abridged, or corrupted. Thus, in *Hamlet*, iv. 5, Ophelia says, 'God 'ield you !' in *Macbeth*, i. 6, we have 'You shall bid God-eyld us for your pains ;' and in *As you Like It*, iii. 3, 'God 'ild you for your last company.'

³ *Ho !*] This exclamation is meant to forbid the weeping.

Now the witch take me if I meant it thus !
 Grace grow where those drops fall !¹ My hearty friends,
 You take me in too dolorous a sense ;
 For I spake to you for your comfort,—did desire you
 To burn this night with torches : know, my hearts,
 I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you
 Where rather I'll expect victorious life,
 Than death and honour. Let's to supper ; come,
 And drown consideration. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. Before the Palace.*

Enter two Soldiers, to their guard.

First Sold. Brother, good night : to-morrow is the day.

Second Sold. It will determine one way : fare you well.
 Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

First Sold. Nothing. What news ?

Second Sold. Belike 't is but a rumour.
 Good night to you.

First Sold. Well, sir, good night.

Enter two other Soldiers.

Second Sold. Soldiers, have careful watch.

Third Sold. And you. Good night, good night.

[*The first and second go to their posts.*]

Fourth Sold. Here we : [*Taking their posts.*] and if
 to-morrow
 Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
 Our landmen will stand up.

¹ *Grace grow, &c.*] Compare *K. Richard II.* iii. 4,

' Here did she fall a tear ; here, in this place,
 I'll set a bank of rue, sour herb of grace.'

Third Sold. 'T is a brave army,
And full of purpose.

[*Music of hautboys under the stage.*

Fourth Sold. Peace ! what noise ?

First Sold. List, list !

Second Sold. Hark !

First Sold. Music i' the air !

Third Sold. Under the earth !

Fourth Sold. It signs well,¹

Does 't not ?

Third Sold. No.

First Sold. Peace, I say ! What should this mean ?

Second Sold. 'T is the god Hercules, whom Antony
loved,

Now leaves him.²

First Sold. Walk ; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do.

[*They advance to another post.*

Second Sold. How now, masters ?

Soldiers. [*Speaking together.*] How now ?

How now ? do you hear this ?

First Sold. Ay ; is 't not strange ?

Third Sold. Do you hear, masters ? do you hear ?

First Sold. Follow the noise so far as we have quarter ;
Let's see how 't will give off.

Soldiers. [*Speaking together.*] Content : 't is strange.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ *It signs well.*] It is a favourable omen.

² *'Tis the god Hercules, &c.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 45.

SCENE IV.—*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA ; CHARMIAN, IRAS,
and others, attending.*

Ant. Eros ! mine armour, Eros !

Cleo. Sleep a little.

Ant. No, my chuck.—Eros, come ; mine armour, Eros !

Enter EROS with armour.

Come, good fellow, put mine iron on :—

If Fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her :—come.

Cleo. Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for ?

Ant. Ah, let be, let be ! thou art

The armourer of my heart ;—false, false ;¹ this, this.

Cleo. Sooth, la, I'll help ; thus it must be.

Ant. Well, well :

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow ?

Go, put on thy defences.

Eros. Briefly, sir.

Cleo. Is not this buckled well ?

Ant. Rarely, rarely ;

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff 't for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros ; and my queen's a squire

More tight at this than thou : despatch.—O, love,

That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation !² thou shouldst see

A workman in 't.

¹ *False, false.]* You mistake.

² *The royal occupation.]* Occupation means mechanical trade or craft.

Enter an Officer armed.

Good morrow to thee ; welcome :
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge.
The business that we love—we rise betime
And go to 't with delight.

Off. A thousand, sir,
Early though 't be, have on their riveted trim,
And at the port expect you.

[Shout and flourish of trumpets without.]

Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.

Second Off. The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

All. Good morrow, general.

Ant. 'T is well blown,¹ lads :

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—
So, so ; come, give me that : this way ; well said.—
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me :
This is a soldier's kiss : rebukeable, *[Kisses her.]*
And worthy shameful check² it were, to stand
On more mechanic compliment ;³ I'll leave thee
Now, like a man of steel.—You that will fight⁴
Follow me close ; I'll bring you to 't.—Adieu.

Exeunt ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.

Char. Please you, retire to your chamber ?

Cleo. Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might
Determine this great war in single fight !
Then Antony,—but now,—Well, on. *[Exeunt.]*

¹ *Well blown.*] Well displayed.

² *Worthy shameful check.*] Deserving of reproachful censure.

³ *More mechanic compliment.*] More of outward compliment.

⁴ *Will fight.*] Desire to fight.

SCENE V.—Antony's *Camp near Alexandria*.

Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; an Officer meeting them.

Off. The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

Ant. Would thou and those thy scars had once prevailed

To make me fight at land!

Off. Hadst thou done so,
The kings that have revolted,¹ and the soldier
That has this morning left thee, would have still
Followed thy heels.

Ant. Who's gone this morning?

Off. Who!
One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,—
He shall not hear thee; or from Cæsar's camp
Say, *I am none of thine*.

Ant. What say'st thou?

Off. Sir,
He is with Cæsar.

Eros. Sir, his chests and treasure
He has not with him.

Ant. Is he gone?

Off. Most certain.

Ant. Go, Eros, send his treasure after; do it;
Detain no jot, I charge thee: write to him
(I will subscribe) gentle adieus and greetings;
Say, that I wish he never find more cause
To change a master.—O, my fortunes have
Corrupted honest men!—Despatch.—Enobarbus!

[*Exeunt.*

¹ *The kings, &c.] See Extracts from Plutarch, 34.*

SCENE VI.—Cæsar's *Camp before Alexandria.*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS, and others.

Cæs. Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight :
Our will is Antony be took alive ;
Make it so known.

Agr. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Cæs. The time of universal peace is near :
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nooked world
Shall bear the olive freely.¹

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Antony
Is come into the field.

Cæs. Go, charge Agrippa
Plant² those that have revolted in the van,
That Antony may seem to spend his fury
Upon himself. [*Exeunt all except ENOBARBUS.*

Eno. Alexas did revolt ; and went to Jewry
On affairs of Antony ; there did persuade
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,
And leave his master Antony : for this pains,
Cæsar hath hanged him. Canidius, and the rest
That fell away, have entertainment,³ but
No honourable trust. I have done ill ;
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,
That I will joy no more.

¹ *Shall bear the olive freely.*] Shall freely bring forth the olive of peace.

² *Charge Agrippa plant.*] Give order that Agrippa station.

³ *Have entertainment.*] Are received into Cæsar's service. 'All that served Brutus I will entertain them.' *Julius Cæsar*, v. 5. 'Note if your lady strain his entertainment.' *Othello*, iii. 3.

Enter a Soldier of CÆSAR'S.

Sold. Enobarbus, Antony
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with
His bounty overplus: the messenger
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now
Unloading of his mules.

Eno. I give it you.

Sold. Mock not, Enobarbus.
I tell you true: best you safed¹ the bringer
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,
Or would have done 't myself. Your emperor
Continues still a Jove.

[*Exit.*

Eno. I am alone the villain of the earth,
And feel I am so most. O, Antony,
Thou mine of bounty, how wouldst thou have paid
My better service, when my turpitude
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows² my heart:
If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean
Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do 't,³ I feel.—
I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek
Some ditch wherein to die; the foul'st best fits
My latter part of life.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Field of Battle between the Camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA
and others.*

Agr. Retire! we have engaged⁴ ourselves too far:
Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression⁵
Exceeds what we expected.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ *Safed.*] Gave safe conduct to. See p. 17, note 6.

² *Blows.*] Swells.

³ *Thought will do 't.*] Remorseful thought will break my heart.

⁴ *Engaged.*] Committed; hazarded.

⁵ *Our oppression.*] The oppressing force against ourselves.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.

Scar. O, my brave emperor, this is fought indeed !
Had we done so at first, we had driven them home
With clouts about their heads.

Ant. Thou bleed'st apace.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T.
But now 't is made an H.¹

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em into bench-holes :² I have yet
Room for six scotches more.

Enter EROS.

Eros. They are beaten, sir ; and our advantage serves
For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us score their backs,
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind ;
'T is sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee
Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold
For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.—*Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching ; SCARUS, and
Forces.*

Ant. We have beat him to his camp :—run one before,
And let the queen know of our gests.³—To-morrow,

¹ *An H.*] The noun *ache* was formerly pronounced *aitch* ; and possibly Scarus was meant to be a punster here. 'Aches contract and starve your supple joints!' *Timon of Athens*, i. 1. See the Editor's *Tempest*, p. 23, note 1.

² *Bench-holes.*] Closet-seats.

³ *Gests.*] Deeds. Latin, *Gesta*. See Extracts from Plutarch, 43.

Before the sun shall see's, we'll spill the blood
That has to-day escaped. I thank you all;
For doughty-handed are you, and have fought
Not as you served the cause, but as 't had been
Each man's¹ like mine; you have shown all Hectors.
Enter the city, clip² your wives, your friends,
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss
The honoured gashes whole.—Give me thy hand.

[To SCARUS.]

Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy³ I'll commend thy acts,
Make her thanks bless thee.—O, thou day o' the world,
Chain mine armed neck! leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness⁴ to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triúmphing!

Cleo.

Lord of lords!

O, infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from
The world's great snare uncaught?

Ant.

My nightingale

We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey
Do something mingle with our younger brown,⁵ yet ha' we
A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can

¹ *Each man's.*] Each man's cause.

² *Clip.*] Embrace. So in *Coriolanus*, i. 6, 'O let me clip you in arms as sound,' &c.; and in *Othello*, iii. 3, 'You elements, that clip us round about,' &c.

³ *Fairy.*] Enchantress.

⁴ *Proof of harness.*] Resistance of armour. 'At least we'll die with harness on our back!' *Macbeth*.

⁵ *Though grey, &c.*] Compare, in iii. 11,

'My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness,' &c.

Get goal for goal of youth.¹ Behold this man ;
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand ;—
Kiss it, my warrior :—he hath fought to-day,
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had
Destroyed in such a shape.

Cleo. I'll give thee, friend,
An armour all of gold ;² it was a king's.

Ant. He has deserved it, were it carbuncled
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand :—
Through Alexandria make a jolly march :
Bear our hacked targets like the men that owe them.
Had our great palace the capacity
To camp this host, we all would sup together,
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,
With brazen din blast you the city's ear ;
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines ;³
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—Cæsar's Camp.

Sentinels at their post.

First Sold. If we be not relieved within this hour,
We must return to the court of guard : the night
Is shiny ; and they say we shall embattle
By the second hour i' the morn.

Second Sold. This last day
Was a shrewd⁴ one to 's.

¹ *Get goal for goal, &c.*] Get victory after victory over youth.
The young Octavius is here referred to.

² *An armour all of gold.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 43.

³ *Tabourines.*] Tabors ; drums.

⁴ *Shrewd.*] Sharp ; rough. 'That have endured shrewd days
and nights with us.' *As you Like it*, v. 4.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

Third Sold. What man is this?

Second Sold. Stand close, and list him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O, thou blessed moon,
When men revolted shall upon record
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did
Before thy face repent!—

First Sold. *Enobarbus!*

Third Sold. Peace!

Hark further.

Eno. O, sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night disponge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me: throw my heart
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
And finish all foul thoughts. O, Antony!
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,
Forgive me in thine own particular;¹
But let the world rank me in register
A master-leaver and a fugitive!
O, Antony! O, Antony!

[*Dies.*

Second Sold. Let's speak to him.

First Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks
May concern Cæsar.

Third Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

First Sold. Swoons rather; for so bad a prayer as his
Was never yet for sleep.²

¹ *In thine own particular.]* In thy individual self. See p. 17.
note 5.

² *For sleep.]* A preliminary to sleep.

Second Sold. Go we to him.

Third Sold. Awake, sir, awake ! speak to us.

Second Sold. Hear you, sir ?

First Sold. The hand of death hath raught¹ him !

Hark ! the drums [Drums afar off.
Demurely wake the sleepers.² Let us bear him
To the court of guard ; he is of note :³ our hour
Is fully out.

Third Sold. Come on then ;
He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the body.

SCENE X.—*Space between the two Camps.*

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces marching.

Ant. Their preparation is to-day by sea ;
We please them not by land.

Scar. For both, my lord.

Ant. I would they 'd fight i' the fire or i' the air ;
We 'd fight there too. But this it is ; our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall stay with us :—order for sea is given !
They have put forth the haven :⁴—
Where their appointment⁵ we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt.

¹ *Raught.*] This was anciently the past form of *Reach*, as *Taught* is still the past form of *Teach*.

² *Demurely wake, &c.*] Cause the sleepers to wake demurely.

³ *Of note.*] A person of distinction.

⁴ *The haven.*] It seems certain that some such words as 'Haste we, then,' have been accidentally omitted after 'haven.' See Extracts from Plutarch, 46.

⁵ *Appointment.*] Equipment.

SCENE XI.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter CÆSAR, with his Forces marching.

Cæs. But being charged,¹ we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his best force
Is forth to man his galleys. To the vales!
And hold our best advantage. *[Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.—*Another part of the same.*

Enter ANTONY and SCARUS.

Ant. Yet they are not joined: where yond pine does
stand,
I shall discover all: I'll bring thee word
Straight, how 't is like to go. *[Exit.*

Scar. Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests:² the augurers
Say they know not,—they cannot tell;³—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony
Is valiant, and dejected; and, by starts,
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

[Alarum afar off, as at a sea-fight.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Ant. All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me!

¹ *But being charged.*] Unless we are attacked.

² *Swallows have built, &c.*] This is from North's Plutarch:—
'The admiral galley of Cleopatra was called Antoniad, in the
which there chanced a marvellous ill sign: swallows had bred under
the poop of her ship, and there came others after them that drave
away the first, and plucked down their nests.'

³ *They cannot tell.*] They are at a loss what to think. Such was
frequently the import of the expression.

My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder
 They cast their caps up, and carouse together
 Like friends long lost !—Triple-turned¹ whore ! 't is thou
 Hast sold me to this novice ; and my heart
 Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly !
 For when I am revenged upon my charm,
 I have done all :—bid them all fly ! begone !

[*Exit* SCARUS.]

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more !
 Fortune and Antony part here ; even here
 Do we shake hands.—All come to this ?—The hearts
 That spanielled me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is barked,
 That overtopped them all ! Betrayed I am :
 O, this false soul of Egypt ! this grave charm,²—
 Whose eye becked forth my wars, and called them home,
 Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,—
 Like a right gipsy,³ hath, at fast and loose,⁴
 Beguiled me to the very heart of loss.—
 What, Eros, Eros !

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Ah, thou spell ! Avaunt !

Cleo. Why is my lord enraged against his love ?

Ant. Vanish ! or I shall give thee thy deserving,
 And blemish⁵ Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,
 And hoist thee up to the shouting plébeians :

¹ *Triple-turned.*] Thrice changed. This describes Cleopatra as changing from Julius Cæsar to Cneius Pompey, from Cneius Pompey to Antony, and now from Antony to Octavius Cæsar.

² *Grave charm.*] Dire sorceress.

³ *Gipsy.*] See p. 3, note 5.

⁴ *Fast and loose.*] The name of a game.

⁵ *Blemish.*] Prevent thee from gracing.

Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot
 Of all thy sex : most monster-like, be shown
 For poor'st diminutives, for doits ; and let
 Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
 With her prepared nails. [*Exit Cleo.*] 'T is well thou 'rt
 gone,
 If it be well to live : but better 't were
 Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death
 Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho !—
 The shirt of Nessus is upon me :¹—teach me,
 Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :
 Let me lodge Lichas² on the horns o' the moon ;³
 And with those hands⁴ that grasped the heaviest club,
 Subdue my worthiest self.⁵ The witch shall die !
 To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
 Under this plot : she dies for 't !—Eros, ho ! [*Exit.*]

SCENE XIII.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

Cleo. Help me, my women ! O, he is more mad
 Than Telamon⁶ for his shield ; the boar of Thessaly
 Was never so embossed.⁷

¹ *The shirt of Nessus, &c.*] An allusion to the poisoned robe of the centaur Nessus, which caused the death of Hercules.

² *Lichas.*] The servant who brought the poisoned robe to Hercules, and whom the latter in his fury hurled into the sea.

³ *On the horns of the moon.*] The same hyperbole occurs in *Coriolanus*, i. 1. 'They threw their caps as they would hang them on the horns o' the moon.'

⁴ *Those hands.*] Hands such as thine.

⁵ *Subdue my worthiest self.*] Subdue me who am most deserving of such fate.

⁶ *Telamon.*] Ajax Telamonius is here meant. He contended with Ulysses about the armour of Achilles. Ovid, *Metam.* xiii.

⁷ *The boar of Thessaly, &c.*] The boar of Calydon, hunted by a

Char. To the monument !¹
 There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
 The soul and body rive not more in parting,
 Than greatness going off.

Cleo. To the monument !—
 Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;
 Say that the last I spoke was—*Antony* !
 And word it, prithee, piteously : hence, Mardian,
 And bring me how he takes my death.—
 To the monument ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV.—*The same. Another Room.*

Enter ANTONY and EROS.

Ant. Eros, thou yet behold'st me ?

Eros. Ay, noble lord.

Ant. Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish ;²
 A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
 A towered citadel, a pendent rock,
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory
 With trees upon 't, that nod unto the world,
 And mock our eyes with air : thou hast seen these signs ?
 They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
 The rack dislimns,³ and makes it indistinct,
 As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

band of princes, was slain by Meleager. *Embossed* means overheated from being hard driven.

¹ *To the monument.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 47.

² *Dragonish.*] Shaped like a dragon.

³ *The rack dislimns.*] The atmospheric vapour puts out of shape.

Ant. My good knave¹ Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body : here I am Antony ;
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt ; and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine,
Which, whilst it was mine, had annexed unto 't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Packed cards² with Cæsar, and false-played my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph !—
Nay, weep not, gentle Eros ; there is left us
Ourselves to end ourselves.—

Enter MARDIAN.

O, thy vile lady !
She has robbed me of my sword.

Mar. No, Antony ;
My mistress loved thee, and her fortunes mingled
With thine entirely.

Ant. Hence, saucy eunuch ; peace !
She hath betrayed me, and shall die the death.

Mar. Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharged. What thou wouldst do
Is done unto thy hand : the last she spake
Was—*Antony ! most noble Antony !*
Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
The name of Antony ; it was divided
Between her heart and lips : she rendered life,
Thy name so buried in her.

Ant. Dead, then ?

Mar. Dead.

¹ *Knave.*] Servant. This Anglo-Saxon term came to acquire its unfavourable sense from the character so often found in servants.

² *Packed cards.*] Concerted. To pack cards is to sort them fraudulently so as to secure the game.

Ant. Unarm, Eros; the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep!—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go.— [*Exit* MARDIAN.

Off, pluck off!—

The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides!
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent:¹
Crack thy frail case!—Apace, Eros, apace!—
No more a soldier:—bruised pieces,² go;
You have been nobly borne.—From me a while.—
[*Exit* EROS.

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now
All length³ is torture.—Since the torch is out,⁴
Lie down, and stray no farther. Now all labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done!—
Eros!—I come, my queen:—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do couch on flowers,⁵ we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros!

Re-enter EROS.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died,
I have lived in such dishonour, that the gods

¹ *Thy continent.*] That which contains thee.

² *Bruised pieces.*] Pieces of plate armour are here meant.

³ *All length.*] All length of life.

⁴ *Since the torch is out.*] This refers to the supposed death of Cleopatra.

⁵ *Where souls do couch, &c.*] This refers to Antony's reunion with Cleopatra in Elysium.

Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
 Quartered the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
 With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
 The courage of a woman; less noble mind
 Than she which by her death our Cæsar tells—
I am conqueror of myself. Thou art sworn, Eros,
 That, when the exigent should come, (which now
 Is come indeed) when I should see behind me
 The inevitable prosecution of
 Disgrace and horror, that, on my command,
 Thou then wouldst kill me: do 't, the time is come:
 Thou strik'st not me, 't is Cæsar thou defeat'st.
 Put colour in thy cheek.¹

Eros. The gods withhold me!
 Shall I do that which all the Parthian darts,
 Though enemy, lost aim and could not?

Ant. Eros,
 Wouldst thou be windowed in great Rome, and see
 Thy master thus with pleached² arms, bending down
 His corrigible³ neck, his face subdued
 To penetrative shame, whilst the wheeled seat
 Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded
 His baseness that ensued?⁴

Eros. I would not see 't.

Ant. Come then; for with a wound I must be cured.
 Draw that thy honest sword,⁵ which thou hast worn
 Most useful for thy country.

¹ *Put colour in thy cheek.*] Rouse the blood into thy face through eagerness to defeat Cæsar.

² *Pleached.*] Folded.

³ *Corrigible.*] Submissive.

⁴ *His baseness that ensued.*] The baseness of him that followed.

⁵ *That thy honest sword.*] That honourable sword of thine. See p. 43, note 1.

Eros. O, sir, pardon me !

Ant. When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then
To do this when I bade thee ?¹ Do it at once ;
Or thy precedent services are all
But accidents unpurposed. Draw, and come.

Eros. Turn from me, then, that noble countenance,
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies.

Ant. Lo thee !² [*Turning from him.*

Eros. My sword is drawn.

Ant. Then let it do at once
The thing why thou hast drawn it.

Eros. My dear master,
My captain, and my emperor, let me say,
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

Ant. 'Tis said, man ;—and farewell.³

Eros. Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now ?

Ant. Now, Eros.

Eros. Why, there then ;— [*Falls on his sword.*

Thus I do escape the sorrow
Of Antony's death. [*Dies.*

Ant. Thrice nobler than myself !
Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what
I should, and thou couldst not. My queen and Eros
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me
A nobleness in record : but I will be
A bridegroom in my death, and run into 't
As to a lover's bed. Come then ; and, Eros,
Thy master dies thy scholar ; to do thus

[*Falling on his sword.*

¹ *When I did make thee free, &c.*] Compare in *Julius Cæsar*,
v. 3, the last speech of Cassius. See Extracts from Plutarch, 48.

² *Lo thee !*] Look thou. *Thee* was often used as a nominative.
Fare thee well ! Haste thee ! Hie thee ! are common examples.

³ *'Tis said, man, &c.*] You have just said it, and now I respond
farewell.

I learned of thee.—How ! not dead ? not dead ?—
The guard—ho !—O, despatch me.

Enter DERCETAS and Guard.

First G. What's the noise ?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends : O, make an
end

Of what I have begun !

Second G. The star is fallen !

First G. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe !

Ant. Let him that loves me strike me dead.

First G. Not I.

Second G. Nor I.

Third G. Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.

This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.¹

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Where's Antony ?

Der. There, Diomed, there.

Dio. Lives he ?

Wilt thou not answer, man ? [*Exit DERCETAS.*

Ant. Art thou there, Diomed ? Draw thy sword, and
give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee ?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she ?

¹ *Enter me with him.]* Get me into his service.

Dio. Locked in her monument. She had a prophesying
fear

Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw
(Which never shall be found)¹ you did suspect
She had disposed² with Cæsar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead;
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed.—Call my guard, I pri-
thee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! the guard, what,
ho!

Come, your lord calls!

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

First G. Woe, woe³ are we, sir, you may not live to
wear

All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it⁴ with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it—
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up:
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all.

[Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.]

¹ *Found.*] Found to be a just suspicion.

² *Disposed.*] Come to an arrangement or agreement.

³ *Woe.*] Here used as an adjective, meaning *grieved*.

⁴ *To grace it.*] By gracing it.

SCENE XV.—*The same. A Monument.**Enter, above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.**Cleo.* O, Charmian, I will never go from hence.*Char.* Be comforted, dear madam.*Cleo.* No, I will not :

All strange and terrible events are welcome,
 But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,
 Proportioned to our cause, must be as great
 As that which makes it.—

Enter, below, DIOMEDES.

How now ! is he dead ?

Dio. His death 's upon him, but not dead.
 Look out o' the other side your monument,
 His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, ANTONY, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O, sun,
 Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in ! darkling stand
 The varying shore o' the world !¹—O, Antony !
 Antony, Antony !—Help, Charmian ; help, Iras, help ;—
 Help, friends below ;—let 's draw him hither.

Ant. Peace !
 Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
 But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
 Should conquer Antony ; but woe 't is so !

Ant. I am dying,—Egypt,²—dying ; only
 I here impórtune death a while, until

¹ *Darkling stand, &c.*] And let the varying shore of the world stand undistinguishable in utter darkness. ' So out went the candle and we were left darkling,' *K. Lear*, i. 4.

² *Egypt.*] That is, queen of Egypt.

Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips.—

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,
Lest I be taken : not the imperious show
Of the full-fortuned ¹ Cæsar ever shall
Be brooched with me ; ² if knife, drugs, serpents, have
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe :
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes
And still conclusion, ³ shall acquire no honour
Demuring ⁴ upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up ;—
Assist, good friends.

Ant. O, quick, or I am gone !

Cleo. Here 's sport, indeed !—How heavy weighs my
lord !

Our strength is all gone into heaviness ;
That makes the weight. Had I great Juno's power,
The strong winged Mercury should fetch thee up,
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—
Wishers were ever fools, ⁵—O, come, come, come !

[*They draw ANTONY up.*

And welcome, welcome ! die where thou hast lived !
Quicken with kissing ! had my lips that power,
Thus would I wear them out.

¹ *Full-fortuned.*] See p. 95, note 5.

² *Brooched with me.*] Adorned with me, as with a brooch on his hat. The brooch was an ornamental hat buckle, rare and costly in Shakspeare's time. 'He is the brooch, indeed, and gem of all the nation,' *Hamlet*, iv. 7. See the Editor's *K. Richard II.*, p. 116, note 1.

³ *Still conclusion.*] Quiet inference or judgment.

⁴ *Demuring.*] Looking demurely.

⁵ *Wishers were ever fools.*] Cleopatra here refers to such vain wishes as that she has just expressed. 'Had I great Juno's power,' &c. See Extracts from Plutarch, 49.

All. A heavy sight!

Ant. I am dying,—Egypt,—dying;—
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

Cleo. No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,
That the false housewife, Fortune,¹ break her wheel,
Provoked by my offence.

Ant. One word, sweet queen:
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me;
None about Cæsar trust but Proculeius.²

Cleo. My resolution and my hands I'll trust;
None about Cæsar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end,
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those my former fortunes
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,
The noblest; and do now not basely die,
Nor cowardly put off my helmet to
My countryman,—a Roman by a Roman
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going:—
I can no more.—

Cleo. Noblest of men, woot die?³
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,
[ANTONY *dies*.]

¹ *That the false housewife, &c.*] The word *housewife* here means *harlot*. 'Fortune's a strumpet' was a proverbial expression. (*Hamlet*, ii. 2.) Compare what Celia says in *As you Like it*, i. 2, 'Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel,' &c.; and what Pistol asks in *K. Henry V.*, v. 1, 'Doth Fortune play the housewife with me now?'

² *But Proculeius.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 50.

³ *Woot die.*] *Woot* is provincial for *wilt*. See p. 103, note 2.

The crown o' the earth doth melt!—My lord!—

O, withered is the garland of the war!¹

The soldier's pole² is fallen: young boys and girls

Are level now with men; the odds is gone,

And there is nothing left remarkable

Beneath the visiting moon.

[*Faints.*]

Char. O, quietness, lady!

Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign!

Char. Lady!—

Iras. Madam!—

Char. O madam, madam, madam!—

Iras. Royal Egypt!

Empress!—

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras*!

Cleo. No more,³ but e'en a woman, and commanded

By such poor passion as the maid that milks,

And does the meanest chares.⁴—It were for me

To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;

To tell them that this world did equal theirs,

Till they had stolen our jewel.—All's but nought;

Patience is sottish, and impatience does

Become a dog that's mad: then is it sin

To rush into the secret house of death,

Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?

What, what! good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian!

My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,

Our lamp is spent, it's out!—Good sirs,⁵ take heart;—

¹ *The garland of the war.*] Shakspeare often uses the word garland to denote a pre-eminent or chief thing.

² *The soldier's pole.*] The soldier's pride.

³ *No more.*] No more an empress.

⁴ *Chares.*] Menial services.

⁵ *Good sirs.*] It was not unusual to address a company of men and women, and even of women only, with the word *sirs*. Indeed

We'll bury him; and then, what's brave,¹ what's noble,
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make Death proud to take us. Come, away!—
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.—
 Ah, women, women!—come; we have no friend
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY's body.*]

the word is still so used in impassioned discourse in the north. Dyce has pointed out instances of females being called *Sirs*, in two of Beaumont & Fletcher's plays: in the *Coxcomb*, iv. 3, a mother, addressing girls, says 'Sirs, to your tasks;' and in *A King and No King*, iii. 1, the words 'Sirs, leave me all' are addressed to waiting-women. In the concluding scene of the present play Cleopatra calls Iras *sirrah*. (p. 146.)

¹ *What's brave.*] Cleopatra here refers to suicide.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's *Camp before Alexandria.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS,
PROCULEIUS, and others.*

Cæs. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him, he mocks
The pauses that he makes.¹

Dol. Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit.*

Enter DERCETAS, with the sword of ANTONY.

Cæs. Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Der. I am called Dercetas;
Mark Antony I served, who best was worthy
Best to be served: whilst he stood up and spoke,
He was my master; and I wore my life
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is't thou say'st?

¹ *Being so frustrate, &c.*] Tell him that he being so utterly defeated only mocks his own delays of surrender by regarding them as of any use.

Der. I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead !

Cæs. The breaking of so great a thing should make
A greater crack : the round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And citizens to their dens :—the death of Antony
Is not a single doom ; in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Der. He is dead, Cæsar,
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife ; but that self hand,¹
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword ;
I robbed his wound of it ;² behold it, stained
With his most noble blood.

Cæs. Look you sad, friends ?
The gods rebuke me, but it is tidings
To wash the eyes of kings.

Agr. And strange it is
That nature must compel us to lament
Our most persisted deeds.³

Mec. His taints and honours
Waged equal with him.⁴

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity : but you, gods, will give us
Some faults to make us men.—Cæsar is touched.

Mec. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

¹ *That self hand.*] *Self* here means self-same or identical. The word was often thus used by the old writers. 'I am made of that self metal as my sister.' *K. Lear*, i. 1.

² *This is his sword, &c.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 51.

³ *Most persisted deeds.*] Deeds most persisted in.

⁴ *Waged equal with him.*] Contended equally with him ; characterised him in equal degrees.

Cæs. O, Antony !
 I have followed¹ thee to this ;—but we do lance
 Diseases in our bodies : I must perforce
 Have shown to thee such a declining day,²
 Or look on thine ; we could not stall together
 In the whole world. But yet let me lament,
 With tears as sovereign³ as the blood of hearts,
 That thou, my brother, my competitor⁴
 In top of all design, my mate in empire,
 Friend and companion in the front of war,
 The arm of mine own body, and the heart
 Where mine his⁵ thoughts did kindle,—that our stars,
 Unreconciliable, should divide
 Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—

Enter a Messenger.

But I will tell you at some meeter season ;
 The business of this man looks out of him,
 We 'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you ?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet.⁶ The queen my mistress,
 Confined in all she has, her monument,
 Of thy intents desires instruction,
 That she preparedly may frame herself
 To the way she 's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart ;
 She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,

¹ *Followed.*] Chased ; driven.

² *Such a declining day.*] Such a fall in my own fortune.

³ *Sovereign.*] Precious.

⁴ *Competitor.*] Partner. See p. 74, note 2.

⁵ *His.*] Its : the old neuter possessive.

⁶ *A poor Egyptian yet.*] This is supposed to mean *I am a poor Egyptian now*. I apprehend Cleopatra to be the 'poor Egyptian,' and that the line should be written thus : 'A poor Egyptian, yet the queen my mistress ;' where *yet* means *but not less*.

How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her: for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.¹

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [Exit.

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give her what comforts
The quality of her passion² shall require,
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke
She do defeat us; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph:³ go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.

Pro. Cæsar, I shall. [Exit.

Cæs. Gallus, go you along. [Exit GALLUS.

Where's Dolabella,

To second Proculeius?

Agr., Mec. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he's employed:⁴ he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent; where you shall see
How hardly I was drawn into this war;
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings.⁵ Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [Exeunt.

¹ *Ungentle.*] The reverse of noble; dishonourable.

² *The quality of her passion.*] The state of her feelings.

³ *Her life in Rome, &c.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 52.

⁴ *I remember now, &c.*] See the beginning of the present scene.

⁵ *Where you shall see, &c.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 51.

SCENE II.—Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.**Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
 A better life.¹ 'T is paltry to be Cæsar ;
 Not being Fortune, he's but Fortune's knave,²
 A minister of her will : and it is great
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds ;
 Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;
 Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
 The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.

*Enter, to the gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS, GALLUS,
 and Soldiers.*

Pro. Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt ;
 And bids thee study on³ what fair demands
 Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony
 Did tell me of you ; bade me trust you ; but
 I do not greatly care to be deceived,
 That have no use for trusting. If your master
 Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him
 That majesty, to keep decorum,⁴ must
 No less beg than a kingdom : if he please
 To give me conquered Egypt for my son,

To make a better life.] To bring on a nobler state of being for me.

² *Knave.]* The word here means *servant*, as in p. 121.

³ *Study on.]* Consider.

⁴ *To keep decorum.]* See p. 9, note 2

He gives me so much of mine own, as I
Will kneel to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheer ;
You 're fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing :
Make your full reference freely to my lord,
Who is so full of grace, that it flows over
On all that need. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependency, and you shall find
A conqueror that will pray in aid for kindness,
Where he for grace is kneeled to.¹

Cleo. Pray you, tell him
I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him
The greatness he has got. I hourly learn
A doctrine of obedience ; and would gladly
Look him i' the face.

Pro. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort, for I know your plight is pitied
Of him that caused it.

Gal. You see how easily she may be surprised ;

[*Here PROCULEIUS and two of the Guard ascend the Monument by a ladder placed against a window, and, having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA. Some of the Guard unbar and open the gates.*

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. Exit.*

Iras. Royal queen !

Char. O, Cleopatra ! thou art taken,² queen !—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a dagger.*

Pro. Hold, worthy lady, hold !

[*Seizes and disarms her.*

¹ *Pray in aid for kindness, &c.*] Solicit kindness, in aid of himself, from the person by whom he is, &c. So in Bacon's Essays (*Of Friendship*) 'Without praying in aid of alchemists.'

² *Thou art taken.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 53.

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this
Relieved, but not betrayed.

Cleo. What, of death too,¹
That rids our dogs of languish?

Pro. Cleopatra,
Do not abuse my master's bounty by
The undoing of yourself: let the world see
His nobleness well acted, which your death
Will never let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou, Death?
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen
Worth many babes and beggars!

Pro. O, temperance,² lady!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be accessory,³
I'll not sleep neither: this mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I
Will not wait pinioned at your master's court;
Nor once be chastised with the sober eye
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of censuring Rome?⁴ Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave unto me! Rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring! Rather make
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

¹ *Of death too.*] Deprived of death too.

² *Temperance.*] Exercise moderation.—'What, are you chafed?
Ask God for temperance.' *K. Henry VIII.* i. 1.

³ *Be accessory.*] Lend its aid or influence. The old text has
necessary.

⁴ *Censuring Rome.*] Romans saying what they think of me, ex-
pressing their judgment of me.

Pro. You do extend
These thoughts of horror further than you shall
Find cause in Cæsar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,
And he hath sent for thee : for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Pro. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best : be gentle to her.—
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,
[*To CLEOPATRA.*
If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS and Soldiers.*

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me ?

Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.

Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.—
You laugh, when boys or women tell their dreams ;
Is't not your trick ?¹

Dol. I understand not, madam.

Cleo. I dreamt there was an emperor Antony ;—
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man !

Dol. If it might please ye,—

Cleo. His face was as the heavens ; and therein stuck
A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O,² the earth.

¹ *Trick.*] Mode ; fashion ; style.

² *The little O.*] The little round. Compare the Chorus to Act i.
of *K. Henry V.*

' May we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt ?'

Dol. Most sovereign creature,—

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean; his reared arm
Crested the world; his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres,¹ and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was,
That grew the more by reaping. His delights
Were dolphin-like; they showed his back above
The element they lived in: in his livery
Walked crowns and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates² dropped from his pocket.

Dol. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Think you there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dreamt of?

Dol. Gentle madam, no.

Cleo. You lie, up to the hearing of the gods!
But, if there be, or ever were, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming:³ Nature wants stuff
To vie strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine
An Antony, were Nature's piece 'gainst fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.⁴

¹ *Was propertied, &c.*] Had the tuneful quality of all the spheres. Poets often allude to the ancient doctrine of the music of the spheres. So in the *Merchant of Venice*, v. 1,

'There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings.'

See the Editor's *Merch. of Ven.* p. 132, note 6.

² *Plates.*] Silver coins.

³ *It's past the size, &c.*] It is one who transcends what dreaming can represent.

⁴ *Nature wants stuff, &c.*] Nature has not stuff wherewith to vie with fancy in presenting extraordinary forms; yet for Nature to conceive an Antony would be her triumph over fancy, transcending whatever can be dreamt. The verb *to vie* is similarly used in *Pericles*

Dol. Hear me, good madam :
Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it
As answering to the weight : would I might never
O'ertake pursued success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you what Cæsar means to do with me ?

Dol. I am loth to tell you what I would you knew.

Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—

Cleo. He'll lead me, then, in triumph ?

Dol. Madam, he will ; I know 't. [*Flourish without.*

Without. Make way there,—Cæsar !

*Enter CÆSAR,¹ GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

Cæs. Which is the queen of Egypt ?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [*CLEOPATRA kneels.*

Cæs. Arise, you shall not kneel :—

I pray you, rise ; rise, Egypt.

Cleo. Sir, the gods
Will have it thus ; my master and my lord
I must obey.

Cæs. Take to you no hard thoughts :
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir o' the world,
I cannot project mine own cause so well
To make it clear ; but do confess I have

(iv. Gower) : 'So with the dove of Paphos might the crow vie feathers white.'

¹ *Enter Cæsar.*] Extracts from Plutarch, 54.

Been laden with like frailties which before
Have often shamed our sex.

Cæs. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce :¹
If you apply² yourself to our intents,
(Which towards you are most gentle) you shall find
A benefit in this change ; but if you seek
To lay on me a cruelty, by taking
Antony's cause, you shall bereave yourself
Of my good purposes, and put your children
To that destruction which I'll guard them from,
If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

Cleo. And may, through all the world: 't is yours; and we,
Your scutcheons and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord,—

Cæs. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

Cleo. This is the brief³ of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possessed of: 't is exactly valued ;
Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus ?

Sel. Here, Madam.

Cleo. This is my treasurer, let him speak, my lord,
Upon his peril, that I have reserved
To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

Sel. Madam,
I had rather seal my lips, than, to my peril,
Speak that which is not.

Cleo. What have I kept back ?

Sel. Enough to purchase what you have made known.⁴

Cæs. Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ; I approve
Your wisdom in the deed.

Cleo. See, Cæsar ! O, behold

¹ *Enforce.*] Urge to the full.

² *Apply.*] Conform ; adapt.

³ *Brief.*] Inventory. See Extracts from Plutarch, 55.

⁴ *Enough, &c.*] Equivalent to what is stated in the brief.

How pomp is followed ! mine will now be yours ;
 And should we shift estates yours would be mine.
 The ingratitude of this Seleucus does
 Even make me wild :—O, slave, of no more trust
 Than love that's hired !—What, goest thou back ? thou shalt
 Go back, I warrant thee ; but I'll catch thine eyes,
 Though they had wings. Slave, soulless villain, dog !
 O, rarely base !

Cæs. Good queen, let us entreat you.

Cleo. O, Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this,—
 That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,
 Doing the honour of thy lordliness
 To one so meek,—that mine own servant should
 Parcel the sum of my disgraces by
 Addition of his envy !¹ Say, good Cæsar,
 That I some lady trifles have reserved,
 Immoment toys,² things of such dignity
 As we greet modern³ friends withal ; and say,
 Some nobler token I have kept apart
 For Livia and Octavia, to induce
 Their mediation ; must I be unfolded
 With⁴ one that I have bred ? The gods ! It smites me
 Beneath the fall I have.—Prithee, go hence ;
 [To SELEUCUS.]

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits
 Through the ashes of my chance :—wert thou a man,
 Thou wouldst have mercy on me.

¹ *Envy.*] Malice.

² *Immoment toys.*] Unimportant trifles.

³ *Modern.*] Ordinary. So, an ordinary excitement is called in *Macbeth*, iv. 3, 'a modern ecstasy ;' ordinary grief in *Romeo & Juliet*, iii. 2, 'modern lamentation ;' ordinary judgment in *As you Like it*, iv. 1, 'modern censure.'

⁴ *Unfolded with.*] Informed against by. So in *Othello*, v. 1, 'The Moor may unfold me to him.'

Cæs. Forbear,¹ Seleucus.

[*Exit SELEUCUS*

Cleo. Be it known, that we the greatest are misthought
For things that others do ; and, when we fall,
We answer others' merits in our name,²
Are therefore to be pitied.

Cæs. Cleopatra,
Not what you have reserved, nor what acknowledged,
Put we i' the roll of conquest : still be 't yours,
Bestow it at your pleasure ; and believe
Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you
Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheered ;
Make not your thoughts your prisons ; no, dear queen ;
For we intend so to dispose you as
Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :
Our care and pity is so much upon you,
That we remain your friend ; and so adieu.

Cleo. My master, and my lord !

Cæs. Not so. Adieu.

[*Flourish. Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*

Cleo. He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not
Be noble to myself : but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers CHARMIAN.*

Iras. Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,
And we are for the dark.

Cleo. Hie thee again :
I have spoke already, and it is provided ;
Go, put it to the haste.

Char. Madam, I will.

¹ *Forbear.*] Withdraw. See p. 11, note 5.

² *Are misthought, &c.*] Are misjudged for things that others, our subordinates, have done ; and when we fall we have to answer other people's deserts in our own person.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Where is the queen?

Char. Behold, sir. [*Exit.*

Cleo. Dolabella!

Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,
Which my love makes religion to obey,¹
I tell you this: Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey; and, within three days,
You with your children will he send before:
Make your best use of this: I have performed
Your pleasure, and my promise.

Cleo. Dolabella,
I shall remain your debtor.

Dol. I your servant.
Adieu, good queen; I must attend on Cæsar.

Cleo. Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit Dol.*

Now, Iras, what think'st thou?
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown
In Rome, as well as I: mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall
Uplift us to the view; in their thick breaths,
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,
And forced to drink their vapour.

Iras. The gods forbid!

Cleo. Nay, 't is most certain, Iras:—saucy lictors
Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald² rhymers
Ballad us out o' tune; the quick³ comedians

¹ *Which my love, &c.]* And my love makes me feel it a religious duty to obey your command. See Extracts from Plutarch, 56.

² *Scald.]* Mean; scurvy; literally, having the scall, or scald-head. Compare *Merry Wives*, iii. 1, 'This same scald, scurvy, cogging companion.'

³ *Quick.]* Quick-witted; lively.

Extemporally will stage us, and present
Our Alexandrian revels; Antony
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness¹
I' the posture of a whore.

Iras. O, the good gods!

Cleo. Nay, that's certain.

Iras. I'll never see 't; for, I am sure, my nails
Are stronger than mine eyes.

Cleo. Why, that's the way
To fool their preparation, and to conquer
Their most absurd intents.—

Re-enter CHARMIAN.

Now, Charmian!—

Show me, my women, like a queen:—go fetch
My best attires;—I am again for Cydnus,
To meet Mark Antony:—sirrah, *Iras*,² go.—
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed:
And, when thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee
leave
To play till doomsday.—Bring our crown and all.

[*Exit IRAS.*

Wherefore 's this noise?

[*A noise without.*

Enter one of the Guard.

Guar. Here is a rural fellow
That will not be denied your highness' presence;
He brings you figs.

¹ *Some squeaking Cleopatra, &c.]* Female characters in plays were in Shakspeare's time performed by boys.

² *Sirrah, Iras.]* See p. 136, note 5.

Cleo. Let him come in. What poor an instrument¹

[*Exit Guard.*

May do a noble deed ! he brings me liberty !

My resolution's placed, and I have nothing

Of woman in me : now from head to foot

I am marble-constant ; now the fleeting moon

No planet is of mine.

Re-enter Guard, with Clown, bringing in a basket.

Guard. This is the man.

Cleo. Avoid,² and leave him. [*Exit Guard.*

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,

That kills and pains not ?

Clown. Truly I have him : but I would not be the party that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is immortal ; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.

Cleo. Rememberest thou any that have died on 't ?

Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday : a very honest woman, but something given to lie ; as a woman should not do, but in the way of honesty : how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt,—truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm ; but he that will believe all that they say, shall never be saved by half that they do : but this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

Cleo. Get thee hence ; farewell.

Clown. I wish you all joy of the worm.

Cleo. Farewell. [*Clown sets down the basket.*

Clown. You must think this, look you, that the worm will do his kind.³

¹ *What poor an instrument.*] So in *As you Like It*, i. 1, 'Poor a thousand crowns.'

² *Avoid.*] Vacate ; withdraw.

³ *His kind.*] His nature ; what his nature prompts

Cleo. Ay, ay ; farewell.

Clown. Look you, the worm is not to be trusted but in the keeping of wise people ; for, indeed, there is no goodness in the worm.

Cleo. Take thou no care ; it shall be heeded.

Clown. Very good. Give it nothing, I pray you, for it is not worth the feeding.

Cleo. Will it eat me ?

Clown. You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman : I know that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whore-son devils do the gods great harm in their women ; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

Cleo. Well, get thee gone ; farewell.

Clown. Yes, forsooth ; I wish you joy o' the worm.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter IRAS, with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have
Immortal longings in me. Now no more
The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip :—
Yare, yare,¹ good Iras ; quick.—Methinks I hear
Antony call ; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act ; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after wrath :²—husband, I come :
Now to that name my courage prove my title !³

¹ *Yare.*] Quick.

² *Which the gods, &c.*] The notion of good fortune in this world justifying the gods in reversing it in the next world, was founded on the parable of Dives and Lazarus, Luke xvi. 25. See the Editor's *Merchant of Venice*, p. 106, note 6.

³ *Now to that name, &c.*] Now let my courage prove my right to call thee husband.

I am fire and air ; my other elements¹
 I give to baser life.—So,—have you done ?²
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.
 Farewell, kind Charmian ;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them.* IRAS falls and dies.

Have I the aspic in my lips ? Dost fall ?
 If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still ?
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
 It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say,
 The gods themselves do weep !

Cleo. This proves me base :
 If she first meet the curled Antony,
 He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
 Which is my heaven to have.—Come, thou mortal³
 wretch,

[*To an asp, which she applies to her breast.*
 With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate⁴
 Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and despatch. O, couldst thou speak,
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar—Ass
 Unpolicied !⁵

Char. O, eastern star !

Cleo. Peace, peace !

¹ *My other elements.*] Man was supposed to be compounded of the four elements, fire, air, earth, and water.

² *So—have you done ?*] This refers to Iras attiring the queen.

³ *Mortal.*] Deadly. Extracts from Plutarch, 59.

⁴ *Intrinsicate.*] Complicated. Lat. *Intrinsecus*, 'Bite the holy cords atwain which are too intrinse to unloose.' *K. Lear*, ii. 2.

⁵ *Unpolicied.*] Without policy.

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break ! O, break !

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O, Antony !—Nay, I will take thee too :—

[*Applying another asp to her arm*
What¹ should I stay— [Dies

Char. In this vile world ?—So, fare thee well.—
Now boast thee, Death, in thy possession lies
A lass unparalleled !—Downy windows, close ;
And golden Phœbus never be beheld
Of eyes again so royal !—Your crown's awry ;
I'll mend it, and then play.²

Enter the Guard, rushing in.

First G. Where is the queen ?

Char. Speak softly, wake her not.

First G. Cæsar hath sent—

Char. Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies an asp.*
O, come apace, despatch : I partly feel thee.

First G. Approach, ho ! All's not well : Cæsar's be-
guiled.

Second G. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar ;—call
him.

First G. What work is here !—Charmian, is this well
done ?

Char. It is well done, and fitting for a princess
Descended of so many royal kings.³

Ah, soldier ! [Dies.

¹ *What.*] Why? for what?

² *And then play.*] And then be released from service. Cleopatra had shortly before said to Iras, 'When thou hast done this chare, I'll give thee leave to play till doomsday.'

³ *It is well done, &c.* Extracts from Plutarch, 58.

Re-enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. How goes it here ?

Second G. All dead.

Dol. Cæsar, thy thoughts
Touch their effects in this : thyself art coming
To see performed the dreaded act which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Without. A way there ! a way for Cæsar !

Re-enter CÆSAR and Attendants.

Dol. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer :
That you did fear is done.

Cæs. Bravest at the last !
She levelled¹ at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths ?—
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them ?

First G. A simple countryman, that brought her figs :
This was his basket.

Cæs. Poisoned then.

Dol. O, Cæsar !
This Charmian lived but now : she stood and spake :
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropped.

Cæs. O, noble weakness !—
If they had swallowed poison 't would appear
By external swelling : but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil² of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,

¹ *Levelled.*] Guessed.

² *Toil.*] Net ; snare.

There is a vent of blood, and something blown :
The like is on her arm.

First G. This is an aspic's trail :¹ and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspic leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cæs. Most probable
That so she died ; for her physician tells me
She hath pursued conclusions² infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed ;
And bear her women from the monument :—
She shall be buried by her Antony :
No grave upon the earth shall clip³ in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them ;⁴ and their story is
No less in pity than his glory which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral ;
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity. [Exeunt.

¹ *An aspic's trail.*] See Extracts from Plutarch, 60.

² *Conclusions.*] Experiments. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*,
ii. 2, 'I will try conclusions with him.'

³ *Clip.*] Embrace.

⁴ *Make them.*] Occasion them.



Shakespeare, William,

Shilling annotated Plays of Shakspeare for Students Each Play with
Explanatory and Illustrative Notes Critical Remarks and other Aids to a
thorough understanding of the Drama. Edited for the use of Schools and
Students preparing for Examination By the Rev. John Hunter
Bd.: 14

London 1870

P.o.angl. 362 t-14

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10749587-1